B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Volume XLII, No. 7 APRIL, 1928

Louis Golding

By *Samuel Tenenbaum*

The Intellectuals and the Synagogue

By *Samuel S. Cohon*

Unafraid

By *Fanny Evelyn Freehof*

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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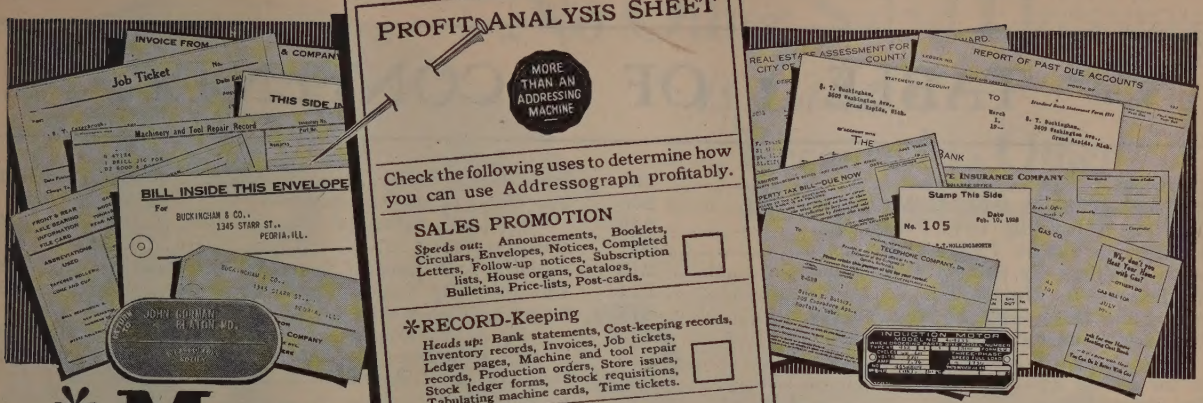
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VOLUME XLII
No. 7

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Among Our Contributors

¶ SAMUEL TENENBAUM is a young writer who is becoming well known to the American Jewish reading public for his revealing interviews with picturesque and outstanding contemporary Jewish personalities.

¶ FANNY EVELYN FREEHOF is another of the young Jewish short story writers whose work has been recognized by Edward J. O'Brien.

¶ SAMUEL S. COHON is co-author with Harris Franklin Rall of "Christianity and Judaism Compare Notes," a study in comparative religion. He is Professor of Jewish Theology at the Hebrew Union College.

¶ WITH HIS article in the present issue, tracing the music of the synagogue back to its original sources, Louis Scheingarten makes his first appearance before the readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

¶ DR. EMIL BOGEN recently returned to this country from a tour of Europe and Palestine. Being a medical man, he saw much in Palestine which the ordinary observer overlooks. His article on that country, therefore, makes us realize many things which are generally unnoted.

¶ MAX ROBIN is a frequent contributor to American Jewish and general publications. His stories are noted for their verisimilitude. They depict vividly both the physical and spiritual sides of the quaint life of the Russian Jews in the days of the Czars.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1928

Fast of Tebeth	Tues., Jan.	3
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon., Jan.	23
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Wed., Feb.	22
Fast of Esther	Mon., Mar.	5
Purim	Tues., Mar.	6
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs., Mar.	22
First Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr.	5
Eighth Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr.	12
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat., Apr.	21
Lag B'Omer	Tues., May	8
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun., May	20
Shavuoth	Fri., May	25
	Sat., May	26
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz	Tues., June	19
Fast of Tammuz	Thurs., July	5
Rosh Chodesh Ab	Wed., July	18
Tisho B'ov	Thurs., July	26
*Rosh Chodesh Elul	Fri., Aug.	17

5689

Rosh Hashonah	Sat., Sept.	15
	Sun., Sept.	16
Fast of Gedalia	Mon., Sept.	17
Yom Kippur	Mon., Sept.	24
Succoth	Sat., Sept.	29
	Sun., Sept.	30
Hashana Rabba	Fri., Oct.	5
Shemini Azereth	Sat., Oct.	6
Simchas Torah	Sun., Oct.	7
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Mon., Oct.	15
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Tues., Nov.	13
First Day of Chanukah	Sat., Dec.	8
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Fri., Dec.	14

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.
*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

In Our Portfolio

¶ "ALL OF Hirschenberg's creations, from the first, 'The Yeshiva,' to the final piece, 'Spinoza,' are a romantic reflection of the Ghetto. They breathe a longing. A wistful dreaminess hovers over his paintings. For Hirschenberg the struggle between realism and symbolism never ended." This paragraph from the sympathetic and yet unsentimental study of Samuel Hirschenberg, by Isaac Lichtenstein, reveals the motivating force behind all of that artist's work.

¶ THIS ARTICLE is one of several now in our portfolio ready for early publication. Others deal with equally interesting personalities and with Jewish life in various parts of the world.

¶ THE COMPLETE story of the career of Bina Abramowitz would almost make a history in outline of the Yiddish theater. In a pen portrait of her Max M. Gilbert gives a fascinating account of Mrs. Abramowitz's rise to fame, and incidentally casts much light on the development of the Yiddish stage in general.

¶ PIONEERS IN Palestine who are working out new methods of agriculture, horticulture and so forth are also making new departures in child care. Edith Hillman, who recently visited that country, gives a vivid account of the new methods applied in Palestine in rearing children.

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THIS RECIPE MAKES A POUND OF SALAD DRESSING

1 egg
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1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

The above is one of nearly 300 new and unusual recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods," a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with the coupon to the right.

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THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly
VOLUME XLII APRIL, 1928 NUMBER 7

Editorial Comment

An Elephant, a Tree and Spring

AN American, an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman and a Jew stood before an elephant. The Jew was also an American, but for the purpose of this story he must stand as a Jew.

One of them said: "Let each of us write an essay on the elephant."

This each did.

The Frenchman wrote on "The Elephant and His Loves."

The German wrote a learned treatise on "The Anatomy of the Elephant."

The Englishman wrote on "An Elephant Hunt in Africa."

The American wrote on "Bigger and Better Elephants."

And the Jew wrote on "The Elephant and the Jewish Problem."

* * *

The story reflects the nature of the Jew. The events of history have made him that way. When armies clash he gets crushed. When the bitterness of the vanquished lets itself out in reprisals he gets the blows, as in Hungary. When the insolence of the victors seeks to measure its strength in violence he gets the blows, as in Poland and Roumania. He has seen that events in the making of which he had no part have a way of aggravating his problems or alleviating them, as in Palestine.

So when we come to write about spring we think of the Jew. We stand under an old tree in our neighborhood that is just giving forth leaves. Hundreds of years have passed since an acorn fell here and gave birth to this tree. The young sapling has stood staunchly before the gales of many winters.

* * *

It has bent before the winds; the stream overflowed its banks and tore at the roots of the sapling but it stood steadfast. The lightning struck about it and laid low the proudest trees but this one reared its head toward the stars untouched, save for a branch here and there that was broken and destroyed.

We see a scar in the body of the tree where it was burned by lightning; there are the marks of old wounds where branches were broken in the storms. But the body is strong.

There were lean years when the rain was not abundant, so that little was added to the growth of the tree, but in the years of good rainfall it increased its girth and grew new branches and extended old ones.

People came to cluster their houses about it some seventy-five years ago and its shade gave them comfort against the heat of the day; its beauty adorned their habitations and it became the beloved landmark of each generation.

The generations cut the dead branches from the tree; they guarded it against the destroying insects. They liked to look up through its branches, and their fanciful vision detected wondrous patterns silhouetted against the heavens. It had to do with the more beautiful facts of their lives; with the quiet hour at home; with rest and contentment after the day's work; with the sweetness of family life,—for in each generation the children circled about it in their play.

It came to pass that the tree was venerated because it had to do with the cherished memories of those who had stood under it and had loved it and guarded it.

* * *

The old inhabitants died and the children moved to more fashionable neighborhoods that were closer to the country clubs. The houses were abandoned.

* * *

The ancient tree is giving forth leaves faithfully. Its body is still strong and beautiful. Plainly visible on its trunk are the marks of the generations that loved it and cut their childish memorials into its bark. The green of its new leaves, as fresh as the green of the first leaves the tree gave forth centuries ago, proclaims its undying potency.

But next week the axman comes to chop down this tree.

It must give way to business; a delicatessen store is coming to crowd it out, and a beauty shop and a filling station and other institutions for the satisfaction of physical appetite, vanity and pleasure.

The wondrous tree that the storms of many centuries could not break, or the floods uproot, or the lightning shatter, falls before the day's materialism.

* * *

So in the presence of the tree we think of Judaism, very old but strong and beautiful, giving comfort to every generation, rich with the memories of all whom it sheltered, adorned with the record of all who loved it, bending before the storm but never broken, scarred by the Inquisition, but indestructible save by materialism and indifference.

This ancient tree is Judaism—the Tree of Life.

A Story Without an Ending

THE years have passed. The children, that immigrants to America left behind in Europe, have grown up and forgotten their fathers. And in some instances the fathers have forgotten the children. Weaker and weaker have grown the ties that bind them across an ocean.

We pick up a newspaper and, lo, we read that Congress is still debating bills which would reunite separated families. Now a sub-committee has been appointed to study this question of elementary justice.

* * *

The Birthday of Adolph S. Ochs

WE PAY our respects to Adolph S. Ochs, one of the light-bearing forces of the world, publisher of the *New York Times,* who was 70 years old on March 12th.

He has given light by the sheer power of truth. To gather truth has been his devotion; to present it fully and without color or bias has been his ideal. Its fidelity to truth has made the *New York Times* the most respected newspaper in the country.

To get the truth it spends millions, and thus the *Times* has become the authoritative compendium of contemporary history. Through the *Times* the world received Lindberg's own account of his trans-Atlantic flight; through the *Times* the world was given the first wireless message from the North Pole, when Amundsen flew over it in the dirigible, Norge.

Adolph S. Ochs was born in Cincinnati and was educated in the public schools of Knoxville, Tenn., where he began his business career by selling papers. Later he became a printer, and in 1878 acquired the *Chattanooga Times,* of which he is still the proprietor. It was in 1896 that he purchased the *New York Times.*

He is the son-in-law of the late Rabbi Isaac M. Wise. As a Jew Adolph S. Ochs has been no less a distinguished figure than as the purveyor, par excellence, of truth.

His quality as a Jew was extolled in birthday felicitations by Alfred M. Cohen, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Hebrew Union College and President of the B'nai B'rith, and by Dr. Julian Morgenstern, the President of the college.

"Would that there were more Jews like him," Mr. Cohen wrote. "Would that there were more men like him."

Mr. Cohen recounted Mr. Ochs' fine services to Jewry—Mr. Ochs' leadership in the movement to endow the Hebrew Union College, Mr. Ochs' own generous contribution to the fund, Mr. Ochs' gift of a temple to Chattanooga—a memorial to his parents.

"Mr. Adolph S. Ochs," said Dr. Morgenstern, "must be recognized by all as one of the foremost Jews of the present generation not only in America but throughout the world. . . . He has borne himself ever as a Jew, with loyalty and dignity. He has never denied his Judaism or qualified it in any way. Neither has he obtruded it unduly nor brought it into light esteem. But he has never failed to let it be felt that Judaism is a potent influence in his life, that it has helped to shape his beliefs and motivate his deeds, that its interpretation of life is his interpretation, and he has ever striven to live in accordance with these principles."

The Heroism of Joseph Trumpeldor

IT IS eight years since the death of Joseph Trumpeldor, and already his grave is a holy place in Palestine. Last month upon the anniversary of his tragic end, pilgrimages were made to it, and now, by the commission of Sir Alfred Mond, a stone lion is to be erected where he sleeps.

He was Captain Trumpeldor, for already in the Russo-Japanese war he had been a soldier for the Czar and had lost an arm at Port Arthur. And from the Siberian battlefields his feet wandered back to the land of his fathers, and many years before the great war he labored on the soil of Palestine and made his acres blossom.

The great war called him and he left his fields to join Col. Patterson's Mule Corps in the Dardanelles campaign against the Turks in which he was wounded. Released, he returned to his neglected land in Tel Hai and put his shoulder to the plow, and planted a crop, and a good harvest came to him. And another seed-time and another harvest followed and the seed-time again, and peace and love seemed to have come to abide forever in Trumpeldor's vineyard.

Then one day the Arabs came to attack, and Trumpeldor, the soldier from Port Arthur and Gallipoli, marshalled the colonists of Tel Hai for defense, and he was the first to fall. The handful of survivors sought to comfort him in his last moments, but he said, "It is good to die for our country."

Already legend clusters about his memory and songs are written to his glory. He is the outstanding Jewish hero of the new Palestine.

* * *

Further Meditations of Kow Min.

THE Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports that last month the synagogue at Zirikar in China, built by refugees from Russia, was bombed. And the bombers are said to have been Russian monarchists.

Now we hear it reported that Kow Min, the Chinese merchant whom we have quoted here before, promptly arose from his couch upon hearing the explosion, and sallied forth into the night to learn the cause thereof. Great was his desolation at seeing the destruction that had been wrought, even though the sacred edifice was not of his faith.

Sorrowfully he returned to his home, meditating upon what he had seen of the disaster and what he had heard concerning the cause thereof. And as is his wont he indited his meditations in his diary, from which we take the liberty of quoting:

"I witnessed tonight further evidences of afflictions imported by Europeans into my unhappy land. I saw a house of worship of the Jews destroyed by the hand of prejudice. This manifestation has desolated my soul, for such a thing has never been seen before in the history of our civilization which always looked with respect upon the faith of others.

"How saddening it is to see these Europeans, endowed with the exterior things of civilization, but sorely lacking in the chief glory of man—the civilized spirit."

Division Among the Brethren

IN PHILADELPHIA there is a Fellowship of Faiths, similar in its purposes to the better understanding movement with which the I. O. B. B. concerns itself. In this fellowship Jews, Christians, Buddhists and Mohammedans have sought a common ground.

But last month the Presbytery of Philadelphia passed resolutions calling upon all Presbyterian ministers and elders to eschew this fellowship:

"Be it resolved that the Presbytery of Philadelphia go on record as being unalterably opposed to any fellowship that tends to name Christianity as one of many equally good religions; that we reaffirm our belief that Christianity is a revelation and so is the full and absolute religion."

Some men may withdraw from fellowship but who can stop it? Who can stop the aspirations of mankind to brotherhood? Who can turn men back from the path toward unity on which they have started, seeking the end of prejudice and misunderstanding? Who can make men take back to their hearts sickening intolerance and religious chauvinism of which they are glad to be rid?

Who can stop the stars in their course?

We are saddened by the action of the Philadelphia Presbytery.

* * *

The Cemetery at Essingen

WE read that the Jewish cemetery at Essingen in Germany was desecrated by young vandals, 42 tombstones being demolished. But this is not what interests us as much as the fact that the Jewish cemetery at Essingen is a thousand years old.

Other cemeteries that old generally are the relics of extinct civilizations. Archeologists come to dig into them and seek to find a piece of cloth, a jewel, that may tell them what manner of people these were that are buried here.

But the thousand-year old Jewish cemetery at Essingen is a testimony not of death but of an immortal life. Thither Jews still come to bury their dead; the ancient graves are kept fresh with the flowers from the hands of the descendants of them whose mortal remains are beneath the sod. And the eternal voice of Jewry is heard protesting in Essingen against the desecration.

A thousand years of Jewish life! And before that a thousand years! And still another thousand before that! And here we sit still writing the eternal story of Jewish life.

* * *

Two Jews Make Their Wills

WE HAVE been informed by two members of B'nai B'rith that they are remembering the Hillel Foundation with substantial sums in their wills. These might be called bequests for the perpetuation of Jewish life, and we think they suggest a way of gaining a most desirable immortality on the earth.

To the service of Jewish education they give the product of their work, and long after they have gone their gifts will be helping to refresh Jewish life, building Jewish consciousness in youth, creating Jewish leadership.

They will still be of the stream of Jewish life.

A Rabbi on Science and Religion

"IT IS NECESSARY," Rabbi Barnett Brickner of Cleveland, said last month, "to bring an end to the mechanistic, agnostic and atheistic implications of the teachings of science in our public schools, high schools and colleges. We want our science teachers to know that the facts of science are not enough unless they are vivified and emphasized in terms of their spiritual implications."

We think the situation the rabbi describes enhances the need and value of the B'nai B'rith's Hillel Foundations in the universities. In the laboratories the student sees the mechanism of life. The human body consists of so many gallons of water and so much of this chemical and so much of that. Behold, therefore, life is a chemical reaction! Life is no more than a mixture of chemicals in a test tube!

* * *

But in the Hillel Foundation life is shown to be not so simple. Life, it is explained, is made manifest in man who, in the words of our beautiful *Yom Kippur* liturgy, "has chained the lightning and makes it render service unto him, who measures the distance of the stars, and calculates their rising and setting, and from withered stones reads, as from a book, the history of the earth during untold ages. But, alas! he can not add one hour to the length of his days, and in the presence of death he is as helpless as the weakest of Thy (God's) creatures. At the call of Thy (God's) messenger, the king descends from his seat of gold and purple, his staff and pallet of straw are left behind as by the beggar . . . Oh, what is man, Almighty God? Oh, what is man?"

In the class room life is a formula; in the Hillel Foundation life is an insoluble mystery and man may touch the hem of divinity when he reaches for the answer. Life is nobly manifested in man on his mountain of knowledge, humbly prostrate in the presence of unscaled peaks that reach into the heavens.

* * *

A Humble Man in Israel

MAX PINE began his career in America as a sweatshop tailor. The fire of the prophets was in him and he lifted his voice against the afflictions of his people on the East Side of New York. He worked at his machine but his eyes often wandered beyond the line of the needle, and he beheld a more just and beautiful world in which the toiler would get his meet reward and the sweatshop would be no more. He became a leader of the workers, and he lived to see the emancipation of the Jew from the sweatshop and justice being established in the industry.

The East Side several times made him its candidate for the New York Assembly that he might speak for it in the halls of legislation. After the war he went to Russia, whence he originally came, in behalf of the Joint Distribution Committee. The Jewish worker in Palestine interested him, and he was Chairman of the National Labor Committee, working in the interests of the organized Jewish workers in Palestine.

He died last month at the age of 62, rich in all that, according to the Talmud, a man can take with him, when he dies, to speak for him at the Throne of Grace —high repute as the lover of his kind.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion—Education

AT the annual convention of the New York State Branch of the United Synagogue it was decided to allot $2,500 toward the maintenance, during the year 1928, of a Jewish Students' House at Columbia University. It was further resolved that the governing board of the "House" should invite the co-operation of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation in its work.

* * *

DEFINING Conservative Judaism, Rabbi Jacob Kohn of Temple Anshe Chesed, New York, said its chief characteristic is its recognition that "Judaism in all its rich complexity must be subject to constant development and adaptation." He explained further that instead of advocating the reform *of* Judaism it favors "reform in Judaism from time to time."

Rabbi Kohn's definition is the contribution of Conservative Judaism to the symposium arranged by the Hebrew Union College School for Teachers in New York.

* * *

SEEKING to express the chief of the traditional Jewish prayers in a clear and concise form, the Reform Jewish community of Berlin issued last month a new prayer book. The long verbatim translations of the Hebrew prayers in the old *Siddur* have been cut down to a minimum.

* * *

THE Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations has increased more than 400% in its membership during the past two years. So reported Dr. I. L. Bril, Executive Secretary of the Union, at its fourth annual convention which was held in Baltimore last month. Particularly notable progress is being made, it was also reported, in the Middle West and on the Pacific coast.

SOME time ago there was held at the University of Iowa a memorable conference of Catholics, Jews and Protestants for the purpose of considering those religious problems which these three faiths can work out together to the advantage of all concerned. The American Association on Religion sponsored this meeting, which adopted resolutions favoring the bringing of the message of religion to students in tax-supported colleges, without infringing upon the American principle of the separation of Church and State.

* * *

REV. DR. WILLIAM ROSENAU of Baltimore eulogized the late Moses Mielziner at the Founders' Day exercises held at the Hebrew Union College on March 31st. Professor Mielziner, the centenary of whose birth and twenty-fifth anniversary of whose death come this year, was teacher of Talmud and Acting President of the College from the passing of Isaac M. Wise until his own death in 1903. And with profound reverence tribute was paid on this occasion to the memory and achievements of Dr. Wise, himself, the founder of this seat of religious learning.

President Julian Morgenstern ananounced that Mr. Benjamin Mielziner, son of Professor Mielziner, had offered an annual prize of $100.00 for the best essay by a student on some Talmudic subject.

* * *

IN LINE with its endeavor to make possible the expansion of the Hebrew University, the American Advisory Committee of the University voted a $138,000 contribution to the 1927-28 budget of the seat of learning on Mount Scopus. This action was taken recently at the office of Felix M. Warburg, Chairman of the committee, upon the motion of Maurice Wertheim, Treasurer.

* * *

DECLARING that Jewish ritual slaughter does not constitute cruelty to animals, the Swedish Parliament voted down a proposal aiming at the prohibition of *shechita* in Sweden. The move to interfere with the traditional Jewish way of slaughtering animals was sponsored by the Swedish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Social Welfare

THERE are whole countries with a population smaller than the Jewish population of New York. According to a recent survey made by the Bureau of Jewish Social Research of the metropolis, our people in that city number 1,728,000. Forty-six per cent of these live in Brooklyn.

The movement from the East Side to Yorkville, Harlem, Bronx and into the Park Avenue district, which the recent census proves to have taken place, indicates a rise in the economic and social status of New York's Jewry.

The comparatively low Jewish birth rate in New York presages a proportional falling off of the Jewish population in that city, despite the fact that the death rate among Jews is lower than that of the general population of New York. This is the opinion of sociologists.

* * *

THE public spirited citizens of Greensboro, N. C., mourned the passing, several weeks ago, of Mrs. Bertha Straus Sternberger, a beloved humanitarian of their city. A short time before her death, Mrs. Sternberger established a $100,000 scholarship fund.

* * *

RECOGNIZING him as the citizen who has during the past year contributed most to the city's progress, the Kiwanis Club of Chattanooga, Adolph Ochs' home town, awarded last month to Mr. Ochs' Chattanooga's Citizenship Trophy.

* * *

ON March 25th there was celebrated the tenth birthday of the *Jewish Forum*, a monthly literary magazine published in English. The festivities which took place at Mecca Temple in New York were attended by a host of enthusiasts. In commemoration of this anniversary, the *Jewish Forum* published the largest issue in its history.

A DELEGATION of 500 recently arrived in New York from Hungary. They came here to participate in the unveiling of a statue of Louis Kossuth, the famous Hungarian patriot and liberator. Those who were under the impression that Lieutenant Hejjas, the notorious Anti-Semite, was a member of this delegation were mistaken. The Hejjas in the group is Dr. S. Hejjas and should not be confused with the Jew-baiting lieutenant.

In this delegation there were 100 Jews. Most of them did not have anything to say when approached by reporters. Deputies Fabian and Brody of the Hungarian parliament and Professor Barlassa, however, declared that the situation of the Hungarian Jews is improving. Deputy Fabian, in particular, predicted that, having been found unprofitable, Anti-Semitism would soon disappear altogether in Hungary.

* * *

ON May 20th there will be held in Washington, D. C., an oratorical contest in which Y. M. H. A.'s, Y. W. H. A.'s and Jewish Centers from over the country will participate. This forensic tournament is being sponsored by the Jewish Welfare Board, through its Inter-Federation Oratorical Contest Committee.

* * *

DECLARING that he would give his reasons for his momentous step at the proper time and in the proper place, Dr. Stephen S. Wise last month resigned from the Administrative and Executive committees of the Zionist Organization of America.

* * *

REPRESENTATIVES of Jewish and non-Jewish welfare organizations appeared before the Immigration Committee of the United States House of Representatives on March 27th with pleas for a modification of the present immigration law. They asked that the wives and children, under 21 years of age, of American citizens and declarants be admitted into the country, irrespective of the quota limits.

Speaking in behalf of the American Jewish Committee, Louis Marshall said that if the congressmen could not see their way clear to endorse a special measure in this connection, he would favor the bill introduced by Representative MacGregor of New York allocating 50% of the quotas to members of the families of foreign-born citizens.

A NOTABLE birthday will be celebrated at the Hotel Astor in New York on April 22nd—the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the American Jewish Congress. This was announced recently by David L. Podell, Chairman of the Anniversary Celebration Committee. The same announcement also states that on this occasion there will be reviewed comprehensively the achievements of the Congress in behalf of the Jewish people in this country and the world over.

* * *

WITH great anticipation Jewish social workers of the country are looking forward to the National Conference of Jewish Social Service which is to take place in Cincinnati, April 29th to May 2nd, 1928. Among the subjects which will be discussed are child care, family welfare, health, community center activities and Jewish education. Three hundred organizations will be represented.

* * *

Foreign

SOON there will be made available definite data as to the full possibilities of South America as a haven and home for Jewish immigrants. A committee, representing various organizations dealing with the problem of Jewish emigration from Europe, will soon proceed to the Latin-American continent for the purpose of making a first hand survey of conditions.

* * *

THERE will be fourteen Jewish deputies in the third Polish *Sejm*. This is a result of the election which took place in Poland on March 4th. The majority of these deputies are Zionists. The Jewish labor parties, the *Bund* and the Left *Poale Zion*, failed to elect any of their candidates, as did also the *Volkist* party. Two of the Agudath Israel candidates were voted into office on the pro-government list, and three other Jews, who also lined up with the government faction, were elected.

Miscellaneous

IN 1913, Henrietta Szold established a modest organization of American-Jewish women with the two-fold aim of organizing and carrying on a systematic medical social service in Palestine and fostering Zionist ideals in the United States. Last month that organization, now grown to a membership of 44,000, celebrated its sixteenth anniversary.

The statement issued by the Hadassah on this festive occasion tells of four hospitals, with laboratories and surgical departments, maintained in Palestine. It tells further of a unique rural and infant welfare service being carried on in the same country and of the two health centers which, through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus, are being erected in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

* * *

THE drastic restriction laws have not made an end completely of Jewish immigration into the United States. There are at present an average of 1,335 Jewish immigrants entering this country each month. This is among the facts made public recently in the annual message of Abraham Herman, the President of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid and Sheltering Society.

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Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah

MY friend was reading aloud from the newspaper.

"Malcolm Levy," he read, "was taken into the Phi Beta Kappa at the university today. He is the son of Isaac Levy, the Main Street haberdasher."

"And how," my friend asked, "did the boy get the Scotch name, Malcolm? Certainly that wasn't the name of his grandfather who came from Slabotka, in the province of Kovno."

"And where did Sinclair Goldberg get his name?" I inquired.

Sinclair Goldberg is a leading shoe dealer in our town, and his partner is Ramsey Rubenstein, whose brother is the well-known lawyer, Reginald Rubenstein, who married Dorothea Feitelbaum, whose grandmother, peace be to her memory, was Deborah.

"And how did Abelard Kaplan come to his name?" my friend asked. "His grandfather was Abraham, whom I knew very well. "Abelard Kaplan's sister's name is Betty Jane, she being named after her grandmother, Rebecca."

So we entertained ourselves a while tracing the mysterious origins of the names of Jews of our acquaintance, pondering upon the derivations of Gwendolyn Rosenbaum, Stewart Rosenfeld and Chesterton Goldman. Then my friend told a story:

* * *

ONCE upon a time there were three Jews — Gamaliel, Mordecai and Bezalel, which, as you know, are very good names, what with the great Gamaliel, the rabbi; and Mordecai, the courageous uncle of Esther; and Bezalel, the biblical artisan who was skilled in the fashioning of metals and helped to build the temple—indeed, the first artist among the Jews.

Gamaliel, Mordecai and Bezalel were proud of their names, as in fact, they had a right to be. Not only had the original bearers of these names been among the most distinguished of Jews, but for many centuries their names had been carried on faithfully in the families of these latter Gamaliel, Mordecai and Bezalel.

And never a generation had passed in their families but what it had a Gamaliel, a Mordecai and a Bezalel.

* * *

BEING most pious Jews the three felt perfect assurance of immortality in *Ganeden;* indeed, in all the ways by which a Jew may gain for himself a good place in the eternal abode, they had served.

Still, they were not without ambitions for a certain immortality on the earth. For, though their eyes were upon heaven, they were fond of their earthly surroundings, and they had a natural desire that it be remembered that Gamaliel, Mordecai and Bezalel had walked on the earth and had served in the synagogue.

To this end they desired grandsons who would bear their good names which in good time would be handed down to the great-grandchildren and so on through the generations.

* * *

THIS aspiration was frequently expressed in their well-wishing to one another.

Gamaliel said: "May your descendants bear your good name for a blessing in all the generations to come."

Mordecai said: "May your good name be honored in the *shul* through your grandchildren in all the centuries."

Bezalel said: "May you have grandsons to make your good name live forever."

In the fullness of time they were gathered to their fathers. Though the conscience of each assured him of the heavenly reward that is in store for the good Jew, each in his turn took pains to enjoin his chilrden to commemorate his name on the earth in a grandchild.

Gamaliel gave his blessing and said: "May you have many children, and one to keep my name remembered on the earth."

Mordecai said: "May he who bears my name honor it as a pious memory."

Bezalel said: "May my name be given to a good grandson."

And so each, according to his time, passed from the earth.

* * *

NOW it came to pass that not long after his death the first grandson of Gamaliel was born, and the proud parents came to choose a name for their son.

"Of course," they said, "We must name him after our sainted father."

But Gamaliel! It sounds so old-fashioned . . . so . . . so Jewish! Still they had promised him. They must be faithful. It was his last request. He desired so much to be remembered. But Gamaliel! It is so biblical or something! They debated. . . . At last! . . . Gamaliel begins with a G. . . . They would give the child some name that began with a G. . . . That would show their good intention to be faithful to the ancient name.

They called the child, Grant, after Gamaliel.

* * *

THE naming of the first grandson of Mordecai brought similar doubts and distress to his parents. Mordecai! They had never realized before how queer it sounded—like something from the Bible! They were most conscientious about the matter, however. One must remember the dead parents and keep their names forever fresh! That they must do.

Let's see. . . . Let's see. . . . Who was that king that Mordecai had to do with! Ahaseurus? That suggests a name: Arthur.

They called the child, Arthur, after Mordecai.

* * *

DIFFICULTIES likewise attended the naming of the first grandson of Bezalel. After all, the parents said, Bezalel has a certain Jewish ring to it which, of course, is no objection; but the child would find it difficult to spell the name when he grew up. A child should not be burdened with a complicated name. It must be something simple and yet, at the same time, honor the memory of the sainted Bezalel, his grandfather.

They pondered long on a way to combine a memorial to Bezalel with the kind of a name that would sound well for the child. The original Bezalel, they argued, was an iron-master, skilled in making things out of iron. Therefore, it would serve the purpose if they named the child after some iron-master even if his name wasn't exactly Bezalel.

They called the child, Carnegie, after Bezalel.

* * *

AND so Gamaliel, Mordecai and Bezalel remained fresh in the memory of posterity as Grant, Arthur and Carnegie.

"And," said my friend, "by reversing the formula by which Gamaliel became Grant and Mordecai became Arthur and Bezalel became Carnegie, we may discover the derivations of many other current names of Jews."

An Epic in Jewish Philanthropy

THAT magnificent giver, Julius Rosenwald, has just subscribed $5,000,000 for the extension of Jewish agricultural colonization in Russia. Being modest as well as generous, Mr. Rosenwald does not desire to stand alone on his lofty eminence as prince of givers. He calls upon the Jewish public of America to match his $5,000,000 with $5,000,000 more to make a fund of $10,000,000.

He takes half the responsibility of this majestic work whereby a large section of a people is to be uprooted from ghettos and transplanted to the land to resume the ancient occupation of the Jew.

This is a work of creation. Highly privileged is the man, who, with a stroke of the pen may say: "Here let a new life be established. Here let happiness supplant misery. Here let peace and beauty thrive to be a blessing to multitudes."

Some possess great wealth but are lacking in those qualities by which wealth is transmuted into social value. They are without the wisdom to see that merely to get more money is not in the least worth while and that after a man has accumulated far more than he needs for his personal comfort money ceases to have value, save as it is given away. They are without the idealism that enables men to perceive the means by which money may be made socially useful and exalted.

To Julius Rosenwald was given the power to create wealth and the wisdom and the idealism to make his wealth a great social force when it came to pass that he found himself in possession of more wealth than he could use for himself.

This gift of $5,000,000 marks the climax of Julius Rosenwald's creative giving. It is more than a gift; it is an epic of philanthropy. Julius Rosenwald has set out to build a domain of peace, beauty and content. With a grand gesture he is undertaking to solve the age-old problem of an oppressed people, striking from them the rusty shackles of their handicaps, leading them back to an occupation abandoned, perforce, thousands of years ago, rebuilding their lives.

No gift so large has ever been given in the United States for any Jewish cause before; no gift of any kind has ever been so sweeping in its conception, so inclusive of benefits for such large numbers of human beings, so revolutionary in social purposes.

Julius Rosenwald, by the power of his wealth has commanded a re-birth of happiness and content for countless numbers, and as he commands so it shall be.

He has been to Russia and had seen the blessed work already done in the agricultural colonies of Crimea and the Ukraine. He had seen the former inhabitants of the ghettos reap good harvests within a few years after they had been transplanted upon the land.

Julius Rosenwald

He beheld a new and substantial Jewish life springing up on the Russian steppes. He saw health and content among those who had known only the misery of congested European ghettos and the vile poverty that had crushed them after the war.

They had come to the farms empty-handed and only in their hearts was there any treasure—the undying fire of their faith. And from their empty hands there had sprung in a few years, not great prosperity, but a livelihood and a certain amount of comfort. From their hearts had sprung a new Jewish life that blossomed on these plains. They had built schools and synagogues, and of the product of their toil they were making substantial contributions for the support of these.

Julius Rosenwald was intrigued by these manifestations. To build new life had been the purpose of much of his giving. In Joseph Rosen, the director of Russian colonization, he found a congenial soul. Joseph Rosen was the Moses of this magnificent enterprise. He had led the pilgrims from the ghettos to this new land of promise. But to Joseph Rosen it was given also to see the good harvest of his planting. He had seen the promise in fulfillment.

Mr. Rosen had one grief. There were thousands more in Russia whose eyes were turned toward the land, who longed for release from the ghettos, whose unskilled hands felt an urge for the ancestral plow. Only the lack of money prevented Joseph Rosen from leading thousands more from the ghettos to the goodness of the land.

Then Julius Rosenwald offered him a million dollars, if from others there could be collected nine millions more. Joseph Rosen accepted this commitment, but, alas, Mr. Rosenwald's million went begging in vain for nine millions more to join it.

Mr. Rosenwald was desolated but not long. In place of one million he decided to give five millions; his five millions would go out and seek five millions more from the hands of the Jewry of the world. With those $10,000,000 there would be inaugurated a new movement of Jews returning to the soil; 50,000 families would be lifted out of the misery of the ghettos to well-being and content on the soil.

The Russian government had given assurance of continued assistance to the worthy enterprise. Already the government had granted a million acres for this purpose and 100,000 Jews had settled on the land and in four years had become self-supporting farmers. And the government of Russia is to match the $10,000,000 of Mr. Rosenwald and his fellow Jews with $10,000,000 more.

The inspiration aroused by Mr. Rosenwald's gift was almost immediate in its effect. There came assurance from others of additional gifts aggregating $2,500,000, and the remainder is to be raised not by a public drive but by private subscription.

Since wealth has the tendency to gravitate in large quantities to a few hands it is fortunate when it gathers in the idealistic, imaginative and generous hands of a man such as Julius Rosenwald.

Louis Golding

By Samuel Tenenbaum

ALERT, witty, with a habit of using words that vibrate, that sting, that hit the mark . . . with a gift of shaping sentences that are beautiful and linger—and always, always talking.

That is Louis Golding, novelist, essayist, poet, traveler, who came here recently from England for a visit. Golding is a short, thick-set dark-haired, dark-complexioned young man, who looks very, very Jewish.

Golding has won for himself a reputation and a large following. His books have brought him to the favorable attention of a varied and discriminating public. He was hailed by Israel Zangwill as "the greatest poet our race has yet produced in England." And Francis Brett Young, the novelist, said of Golding: "He is one of the most vivid, vigorous and various personalities in modern English literature, and, of all the men in his generation, he has, I think, the fullest understanding of the language's value, the subtlest sense of its colors."

His "Day of Atonement" which is set in a Russian village and in the ghetto of a large industrial town—Mr. Golding was born in Manchester—is the Jewish manifestation of his talent, the one by which our people best know him. But "Day of Atonement" expresses his talent in only one of its many facets.

There is "Store of Ladies," a satire of modern manners in the form of a narrative involving a Bermondsey boxer and a society matron. There is his latest book, "The Miracle Boy," which has been received favorably by the critics, a story of an unrecognized boy miracle worker in the village of Tyrol. There is "Sunward," the record of a tour from the Alps to Messina, down the length of Italy. There is "Sicilian Moon," an account of explorations in remote villages and islands. There is "Seacoast of Bohemia," described as a satirical fantasy. There are others. His first volume of verse, "Sorrows of War," and his first novel "Forward from Babylon," appeared while he was yet at Oxford.

The latter two brought Golding to the attention of Israel Zangwill, Rebecca West and Gertrude Stern, who have all had a great influence on his work. It also did something else. It helped him complete his education, for Golding had to get his schooling by winning scholarships.

" 'Forward from Babylon,' " he said, "is a reconstruction of my early Orthodox environment and my growth and expansion under the stimulus of later environments, particularly that of Oxford. . . . This reconstruction of experience was soul-enervating work. I

Louis Golding

put so much of myself into it that the strain broke me, and I had to travel to recuperate my health."

Even a casual meeting with Golding impresses one with his agile mind and quick repartee—also his vast knowledge about curious and various things. In one minute, he will make references to the mosques of Arabia, the Tyrolean peasants, the bandits of Sicily, the destiny of the Babylonians. Approach Golding with an encyclopedia, and after he utters a sentence, ask him to stop—while you hunt up the reference.

He is a fascinating man—frank, daring in thought and talk, and always talking. . .

"There are times," he said in his rapid, jerky way, "when I would like to be anything but a writer, say a baseball player or a bricklayer. But I suppose bricklaying would be more difficult for me than writing."

"I am hoping from Palestine a combination of Hebrew morality and Greek love of beauty," he said at another point.

"What about the Roman genius for administration?" I reminded.

"Bridges and sewers are important and have a place in society. But I can't get excited over sewers."

Again: "Palestine will be the resplendent altar whence all Jewry will take sustenance." Again: "The Jew is like a radiating force that gives off energy but apparently never loses any." Again: "The Jew has been in eclipse, but his moon is rising."

Putting these words on paper robs them of the charm with which Golding imbues them. But as the sentences—pell mell—pour out, they are like pyrotechnics—flashy, bright, entertaining. The man is so many-sided that it is difficult to give a focal picture of him. Hence, if I ramble a little, I beg to be excused. That is the only way one can get an insight of Mr. Golding, the traveler, the author, the vagabond, the Oxford scholarship man, the leader of the young English literary set, the lecturer.

I have a vivid recollection of him in the library of Alfred Knopf, his publisher, located on Fifth Avenue, New York. He was lolling in a huge, upholstered chair, with his feet in the air, and his head, lying as comfortably as it could, on one of the cushioned arms. And skyward coiled the smoke of a cigarette.

"It's the best way to know a country," he explained, noting my surprise that he used an American brand of cigarettes. "Adopt as many of the country's customs as possible."

I wanted to get beneath all this. I feared that the man's brilliancy would act as a rampart to his inner self. "I want to get to know you," I said.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Golding replied encouragingly.

"You're a Jew, of course," I began.

"One who has been raised a Jew can't help but be a Jew. One could not completely disassociate himself, even if he wanted to, from early childhood training. That remains—for life. You may deny it and you may say it is not there, but it is, and it will show itself in your actions and thought."

I said, "Fannie Hurst is a Jewess, but is not Jewish in her writing. She has tuned herself in with another philosophy and mode of conduct. She has adopted a Gentile, a non-Jewish way, of looking at things."

"Miss Hurst," said Golding, "may not consciously think along Jewish lines, but way down deep in her subconsciousness it's there and shows itself."

I asked, "Do you think that the Jew as a Jew will continue; that the people will survive?"

"A good deal of thought has convinced me that he will. He combines his own innate genius with the wisdom of the Chinese. He views life through two civilizations, his own and the Gentile's. He has two worlds for his kingdom, and he is the richer thereby. Such a people, intrinsically superior, cannot disappear."

"And, of course, you are a Zionist," I remarked.

"I don't like to label myself with any political brand. I have been in Palestine, and I have gone away with visions and hope. It is a shining star. I expect much of it. Thus far I haven't been disappointed."

"Explain more concretely," I suggested.

"I see in Palestine a regeneration of the Hebrew race—a new culture being evolved. It is something peculiar to Palestine. No other country has it. Particularly, do I notice these new creative forces among the laborers. They are carrying on with song in their hearts. Their bodies may be tired, but their spirit is mighty and all-pervading.

"I, too, like concreteness. There were three sisters in Jisr, which is at the head of the Jordan. They were all stricken with malaria. But they worked harder and yet harder, happy in their work. These girls had lost themselves in an ideal. I did not see that spirit of self-effacement in the villages and towns. I saw much of it in the country. It was beautiful. And from it, there has come forth a spirit and a soul and a thinking which is peculiarly and inherently—well, what shall I say, Palestinian, for it is new, like no other."

Mr. Golding said that the Jews, of necessity, would remain a wandering people, because Palestine is too small to accommodate now or ever, the entire Jewry. But he said Palestine would serve as a "light for the illumination of the Jewish people in the furthest recesses of the world."

Although he has been hailed as a successor to Israel Zangwill, I asked Golding, "Now that Zangwill is dead what voice has English Jewry today?"

"The Jew in England has a cultivated and Oxford voice in Philip Guedalla, an ardent and Heinrich Heinesque voice in Humbert Wolfe and a rich, witty and opulent voice in G. B. Stern."

"But," he hastened to point out, "there are few authors dealing with purely Jewish life in English letters. And fewer still are any good. I have given of my best to my Jewish-English books. I am hoping they will linger on—even after I am gone."

He was reminded he had to leave. He had a dinner engagement with Fannie Hurst at 5 p. m.

"The writing of a book involves such an exhausting amount of physical work that I must plan it like a carpenter, and I must work on it regularly, like a carpenter. The beginning of a book takes me long, and then I finish in a frenzy. It took me ten months to write the first third of "The Miracle Boy" and it took me a fortnight to finish the rest. I wrote the 'Day of Atonement' in five days."

He was given the third warning. He had to leave.

Would I come along—he wanted to know.

We went out together and hailed a taxi-cab.

Inside the taxi, Mr. Golding stretched himself out full length and languidly said: "The Jew must be a mixture of many tribes, dozens. He certainly is different from the Arab. The Arab, as you know, is terrestrial. The Jew is both terrestrial and seafaring."

The taxi had already reached its destination.

I saw Golding again later in his brother's home in Arverne, L. I. We were walking along the ocean front, and we talked and talked and talked.

There I got an insight into another Mr. Golding, the man who has bummed and tramped over the major portion of Europe—a restless traveler. Casually, he remarked, apropos of one thing or another, "When I lived among the bandits in Sicily . . ." or, "Six months of the year I am a wanderer . . ." or, ". . . I write as I travel. I did a great deal of literary work among the Sicilian bandits. . . . ."

"I have wandered about in the Old World," he explained, "among Bedouin tribesmen and Greek shepherds, and I have come to see by way of contrast, the newest, the most electric, the most vital and most significant country in the world."

If you surmised that he was referring to America with the foregoing words, you are correct.

Asked to explain the reason for his restless traveling, he said:

"It has been my destiny to go from the harsh factories and phylacteries of my past, from the industrial city of my youth to a bright Hellenic world, and to return through Palestine. This has given me a chance to observe whether there is any synthesis between Hellenism and Hebraism."

We had walked a goodly distance along the water front. The angry waters of the Atlantic roared and swelled. Mr. Golding's voice rose above the churning waves.

"The ocean reminds me of a story about Zangwill," he said. "Mr. Zangwill had a cottage near the seashore in Sussex. I had just come from Switzerland, cold, foot-weary and tired. It was morning—infernally early—about 5 o'clock, and there was a frost and a chill in the air. 'Come in and swim with me,' invited Zangwill. I couldn't refuse, so I went. We reached the water, and it looked forbidding. Zangwill jumped in; I immersed myself an inch deep and ran shivering back. But that typified Zangwill—always doing daring and unusual things, failing to acknowledge the limitations of his body, and expecting others to match his courage and spiritual strength."

Of Zangwill's wife, Golding said: "Some women transcend religion. She is one of that kind. Zangwill's children, however, are known as Jews and call themselves Jews."

Frequently hailed the successor to Zangwill, Golding was most vehement in eschewing the role. "I came here in a cloth mantle bequeathed to me by Zangwill, but I do not wear Zangwill's literary mantle, I shall wear my own, no matter how shabby and disreputable it may be. But it shall be my own."

To evaluate Mr. Golding's work is to do him an injustice. Evaluation implies some sort of completion, the ending of a task. Mr. Golding is young, only thirty-two, and vigorous. But already he has done worthwhile, mature and substantial work. His big things will come tomorrow. Even Mr. Golding, hard as he has worked, is more than ready, in fact, eager to admit this.

His Secret

By Max Robin

Illustrated by Harry Rude

(*Continued from Last Month*)

JEWS went about preparing for the holiday, in spite of the weather. It was cold and unpleasant outside; but inside the bakeshops and inside some of the homes temporarily serving as bakeries, it was excitingly warm. Women kneaded and rolled; men perforated the dough, fetched water and baked; even children made themselves useful, running small errands. The busiest month of the year; it was the industrial season in the small town in the Ukraine, when all the poor folk were given something to do. *Matzoths* were being prepared for Passover.

And then the weather grew mild. A great Jewish holiday was coming. Even nature took heed. Nature showed kindness to Jews, kindness to all men, and all things in creation. Mercy, mercy! Life needs warmth. Let it be warm! The winter had passed; spring was ushered in overnight! Everything thawed, everything melted; even men's hearts. New clouds went frolicking over the sky. Life was everywhere stirring. In the bleating of the goat, in the lowing of the cow, in the neighing of the horse and the barking of the village dogs at the midnight hour, one sensed the change. It was the response of the dumb beasts to nature's awakening. The very dust on the ground beamed with pleasure. All the earth was grateful to its mother, the sun.

The carriers who trudged back and forth over the town with wicker baskets on their broad backs, rejoiced. No toy baskets were those; they were laden with two *poods* of matzohs each. Pity the carrier with the rope on his back! He was a man born into poverty, a hard-working man. And he had many such loads to carry each day. The warm weather was to him a boon.

The market-place filled very rapidly, filled with peasants and horses and wares. Women came out in hordes, anxious to make up for lost time. Pots, plates, oven-rakes, buckets, and finally eggs and fish and nuts, were to be purchased. Everything, everything had been put out on display; everything under the sky could be purchased, save only one thing—money! Money had always been scarce.

It delighted the soul of many a youngster to trip along by the side of his mother, with a curious eye on the busying world, with an ear for vociferous noises. The sun peered from a side and a crisp breeze raced through the bustle and tumult, fanning it afresh. A captive rooster, unaware of his doom, crowed out at the top of his voice. Intercepting his message, a royal brother in similar plight answered incognito. How much a sack of potatoes; and how much are onions? "I lost a shoe!" moaned the voice of an elderly woman. Two sizes too large, it had been caught in a deep heap of mire. Rescuers came fast, trying to angle it out for her.

Carriers Trudged Back and Forth Through the Town.

* * *

"I'm glad it is over," said Duvid the merchant.

"If you are, shouldn't I be?" queried Dveri, his wife.

Indeed, she had cause to be glad that the fortnight of hustle and worry was over, and that Passover eve was at hand. Always, the lion's share of the task of ushering in the holiday fell to her, as was the case with women in general. Not that Duvid ever shirked his share. God forbid! He assisted his wife with the zeal with which he had once assisted his mother. He relieved the children of some of their duties. He brought home such items as his wife might have overlooked to buy. "No, think again," he would say. "Are you sure you have everything that is needed?" An hour later he would be seen returning with fresh packages, quite flushed and excited. Nor was he averse to tucking up his sleeves and helping in the house.

He was ready and eager for everything, but his own business. He despised business. Duvid the merchant. What kind of "merchant" was he? By the force of necessity he had been made to take to trading. A year went by and another; he became a father of children; and then it was too late to think of another occupation.

What would he have done but for his wife, Dveri? An understanding woman was she, who never nagged her husband, never pestered him with her wants. That was her problem, not his. For the skill she showed in managing the affairs of her house, Dveri the merchant's wife, was thought fit to be a minister of state! In her hands a *rouble* acquired the value of two. But there was another virtue, besides, for which Dveri was known, and that was her cleanliness. Neighbors liked visiting her; and upon leaving her modestly-furnished three-room apartment, women would say that one might risk eating there from the floor, for Dveri kept it tidier than some house-

wives their tables. Her children were considered models at *cheder* and school.

However, she did find herself hard pressed whenever a holiday approached. Certain old things had to be discarded, and new things had to be obtained. There is a standard which offers the minimum of comfort to which a self-respecting Jewish family can submit. Dveri endeavored to maintain that standard for her family.

Her crowning achievement was to "bring the Passover into the house"; and Dveri had cause indeed to be proud of the manner in which she acquitted herself of this arduous task. The hour came. One by one the members of the merchant's family advanced, each taking his accustomed place at the table. The least bold were the youngest boy and his still younger sister; the others assumed a more confident air. The *seder* began.

The eldest son had addressed the "Four Questions" to his father, to which the latter had begun to reply. "Slaves were we to Pharaoh in Egypt ——." Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. Duvid stopped. The rest at the table looked up, puzzled.

"Who can it be?" asked the older daughter, called Rivkeh.

Yes, who could it be!

Dveri laughed.

"It's no one. The wind."

And although they all probably knew at the table that the night was serene, with no more wind than would fan a curtain if the window were open, the merchant's family snuggled closer together, willing to trust the suggestion.

"Slaves were we to Pharaoh in Egypt——"

The eldest boy was up with a bound from the table. The shutter had been shaken, right over his head. It could not have been done by the wind! Everyone stared; and the knocking, intermittent, mysterious, started anew. Duvid pushed back his chair. He was cautious, but serious.

"Where is the axe?" asked he.

He knew where it was. He went behind the closet. Dveri followed, then two of their sons, one with a kosher knife which he had snatched up from the table, the other with his bare fists tightly clenched.

"Who is there!" cried Duvid in a consciously stern voice, which had never been heard before. "Who is there?" he cried again as he stepped out to the vestibule. The rest followed him. Only the youngest boy and girl remained at the table, too scared to move.

"It's not a Jew," whispered the merchant. And aloud he demanded: "What do you want?"

"It's Tarasov, our shoemaker!" Dveri exclaimed. "I recognize his voice. It's our shoemaker, Tarasov. Let him in."

Duvid, however, hesitated.

"Tarasov?" he pondered. "What should he want here this evening? He knows it's a holiday."

Nevertheless he lifted the latch from the door.

Outside stood a man who was fearfully tall, wearing the huge hat of a Cossack. The night was pale, soft, still. The full moon was in the sky.

"Tarasov," asked Duvid, his voice yet unnatural, "how do you come to be here?"

Tarasov did not answer, but stood immobile near the door.

The merchant turned to his wife.

"Let him in," she whispered.

"You want to come in?" Duvid stepped aside, and with hanging head Tarasov crossed over the threshold. Again Duvid bolted the door. He made sure of having a firm grip on the axe. "A good Christian," he thought, "but who can tell what may happen."

In the kitchen the shoemaker took off his hat. It was most unusual; he seldom did. He looked crushed.

"Well, sit down," said the merchant. His manner was hardly free of suspicion. He glanced uneasily at Dveri, and again at the shoemaker. The latter did not move.

Little Gitl suddenly started to cry, and Dveri hastened to her in the dining room. Duvid followed. He was glad to seize upon this as a pretext for a consultation with his wife.

"What can it be?" he asked. "Tarasov would not come at such a time without a reason."

Dveri, who was calming the child, answered:

"Undoubtedly, something has happened. The Gentile seems lost."

"Yes. But I think there is nothing to be afraid of."

"Afraid? No. The only thing is he is disturbing the *seder*, and it's late."

She winked. Duvid looked up. In the doorway stood Tarasov. In his worn sheepskin and muddy boots, with his unkempt beard and disheveled gray hair, he was a strange visitor in this room where the walls had been whitewashed, the windows hung with fresh curtains and everything cleansed; the table was covered with *matzoths* and wine, and a row of tall candles burned in the center. What a sacred spectacle was this, upon which the Gentile unexpectedly intruded! He was still looking on, with an expression inspired by awe.

The Rest at the Table Looked up Puzzled.

Duvid approached, placed his hand on the Gentile's shoulder.

What is the trouble, Tarasov? Why did you come to us on a holiday? You see, the table is laid, and the hour is late. If you desire anything, why don't you tell us? Speak."

Tarasov lifted his head. His face was pale, his eyes wild.

"I'd like to sit down," he said.

One of the boys brought over a chair. Tarasov looked around. He seemed deeply perturbed.

"Are the shutters all closed?" he asked.

"Yes, I closed them myself," Duvid answered.

The shoemaker's gaze then fell on the table: it passed from one face to another, till it had covered every face in the room, expectant, curious faces all. Even the youngest brother and sister were absorbed.

The shoemaker bent down, his hands on the edge of the table. He was shattered, weary, and in appearance older than ever before.

"You are my brothers," he muttered. "I am one of you. I am a Jew."

All eyes were fixed on the shoemaker's eyes large with astonishment. The radiant faces of the children, the faces of Dveri and Duvid, they were all upturned, pale in the light of the strange revelation. Not a mouth opened to speak. They did not yet understand, did not yet realize what had happened, what had been said. And the shoemaker sat bent, his gaze amazing, peering into the distance.

Duvid was first to emerge from the trance.

"How are you a Jew?" he asked, his manner betraying his mistrust. He was still unable to stir.

The shoemaker sat up, looked around, with a more settled expression. But the unbelieving eyes of the merchant's family disheartened him.

"You doubt my word," he said. "Jews!" His voice was hoarse. He could not speak. Everyone present saw in the eyes of the aged shoemaker, tears that glistened in the flickering candle light. "You are Jews," he cried. "I too am a Jew. I am a Jew! I can prove it. I am a soldier of Czar Nicholas the First!"

Duvid leaped up.

"Dveri, a *Nicholaievski* soldier—we have here a *Nicholaievski* soldier!"

"Quiet, quiet!" The shoemaker seized his arms. "They will hear outside!"

By now everyone was up, surrounding the shoemaker: but they were still afraid to touch him.

"A *Nicholaievski* soldier," cried Duvid in a more restrained voice. "A Jew. My God? But how is it possible? All these years with Christians—a Jew among Christians!"

Dveri hastened to the side of her husband.

"Not so loud, not so loud," she pleaded. "Tarasov is right. They might hear us."

Duvid, however, could not be restrained.

"Don't call him Tarasov!" he protested. "He is a Jew—a *Nicholaievski* soldier. What was your Jewish name —what was it?"

The shoemaker was exhausted.

"I remember," he said, speaking quietly. "Tevye is my name—Tevye. All my life I have remembered my name. I was a child of eight when I was taken away from my home, from my faith, from my mother. They took me; took many more in our town. We were rounded up, a batch of Jewish young boys, and made into Christians. Twenty-five years I served in the army —twenty-five years. I was let out, a Christian. Where was I to go? My home and my mother were lost to me —forever. I was given some land, and I settled here. I took a Christian wife, and I had Christian children with her. No one knows that I am a Jew. All my life I have kept the secret. But I did not want to die with it. I remembered that I was a Jew, born into the faith of my fathers. I remained true to my God. I yearned for our holidays. I knew this was Passover, and I wanted to join you, to be with you, my brothers. I am a Jew. My name is Tevye."

They were about him, close, very close. They hung on his words, eyed him eagerly, as if to uncover the Jew who had been concealed in him these many long years.

"Dveri!" cried Duvid. "Prepare another couch! Tarasov—tfu!" he spat out—"I mean Tevye, not Tarasov—Tevye will sit at the *seder* with us. He is a Jew, a Jew!"

Dveri bestirred herself, and the others with her. Room was made around the table, a couch hastily prepared. The shoemaker, Tevye, had been divested of his Christian sheepskin. An old hat belonging to Duvid had been found to replace the one he had worn.

"We are honored, really honored," asserted Duvid when it was time to eat.

"But what shall we do? Something will have to be done."

The shoemaker looked up in dread.

"Nothing, nothing," he said. "It's too late for anything to be done now."

"But a Jew—how can we let you return to your home, to the Christians and ikons?"

"I have spent my life there," the shoemaker answered. "It's my home, where my children were raised. How can I leave it? Where would I go?"

The eldest boy, Simchi, ventured to inject a remark.

"You can stay there, but come and spend the holidays here."

"A child's mind, but a good mind, the mind of a Jew!" The yellow cheeks of the shoemaker glowed in gratitude. "That is what remains for me to do, for I cannot abandon my home."

"You will be a Jew in reality, and a Christian for fun," now suggested the second son, Laivki, a boy not yet of *bar mitzvah* age.

It was Dveri's turn to express her view, and it was awaited eagerly.

"Each one will say something," she declared, "but nothing will come of it. Why not go and consult with the rabbi tomorrow?" All eyes looked up; and the good woman continued, "We will come to the rabbi and tell him the story. He is a Jew on whose judgment one may depend. Whatever the rabbi proposes that should be done."

It sounded plausible indeed. The head of a woman! The shoemaker, Tevye, shook his head in affirmation, shook it in the manner of a Christian rather than a Jew.

"Meanwhile," went on the wife of the merchant, "Tevye should go home, in order not to arouse suspicion."

Her latest proposal gained the support of her husband. The *Nicholaievski* soldier stood up, exchanged the Jew's hat for his own. He put on his sheepskin. In appearance he was again Tarasov the shoemaker; but at heart, and in the admiring eyes of the merchant's family, he was a Jew.

They all followed him to the door; but Tevye was reluctant to leave.

"A load has been lifted from my heart," he vouchsafed; "a load that I have all my life carried."

He opened the door. The night was white, a night bright with the light of Passover. He embraced Duvid. "Till tomorrow," he whispered, and left. The door did not close till the shoemaker had disappeared entirely from view.

(*The End*).

Words and Music

By The New Yorker

I: A Sprightly Trio.

MUSICAL comedies used to be looked down upon by intelligent theatre-goers as beneath contempt. This was before the advent of the trio —Lorenz Hart, Richard Rodgers, and Herbert Fields. With their work in the "Garrick Gaieties" several years ago—Hart's lyrics, Rodgers' music and Fields' libretto—they proved musical comedies might well appeal to the intelligent playgoers. They inaugurated the "different" musical comedy—witty, sprightly, and sophisticated. When the trio followed the second edition of the "Gaieties" with "The Girl Friend" and then "Dearest Enemy," and last year with "Peggy Ann," one could almost notice the bright lights of Broadway growing brighter.

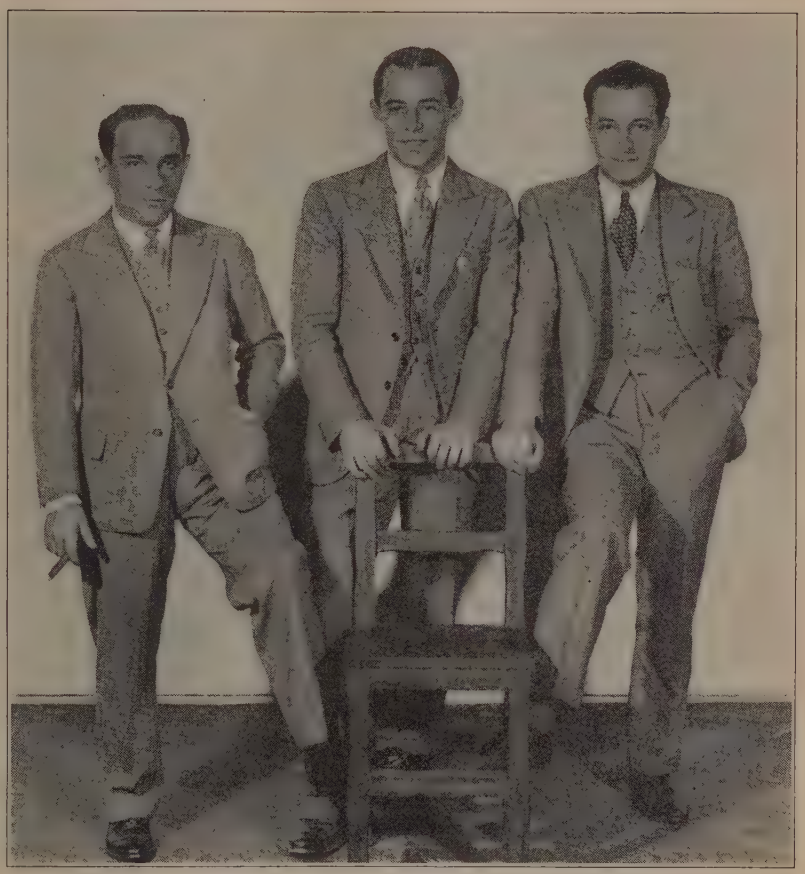
This year, Messrs. Hart, Rodgers and Fields, have done it again. Their adaptation of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee" is one of those pieces that simply must be seen. Fields' book, unlike the librettos of most musical comedies, is really a clever thing. Lorenz Hart's lyrics are the finest we have today.

Richard Rodgers' music is in perfect keeping with Hart's inspired lyrics. They are tender without degenerating to sentimentality. "My Heart Stood Still" is one of the best musical show tunes heard in the last few years. Only Gershwin at his best can surpass Rodgers.

* * *

II: More Musical Comedies.

JEWISH COMPOSERS have been active on broadway this year mainly in musical comedy. In addition to "A Connecticut Yankee," Lorenz Hart and Dick Rodgers wrote the songs for the Beatrice Lillie show, "She's My Baby." George Gershwin has begun to repeat himself and his songs for "Funny Face" and "Rosalie" are not up to his usual standard. Nor are his brother, Ira's, lyrics as felicitous as they usually are. Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby collaborated on the book for "She's My Baby," and wrote the songs for "The Five O'clock Girl," which was produced by Philip Goodman. Jerome Kern wrote quite a "seaworthy" score for "Show Boat," the musical version of Edna Ferber's novel by that name. Sigmund Romberg collaborated with Gershwin on "Rosalie" for Florenz Ziegfeld. Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, who had achieved quite a reputation as song writers without ever having written for a musical comedy, have seen their first musical show firmly established upon Broadway. It is called "Rain or Shine."



Lorenz Hart *Richard Rodgers* *Herbert Fields*

Jewish performers also have been active in musical shows. Ed. Wynn nightly leaves his audiences in stitches at "Manhattan Mary," while Eddie Cantor is just about everything in the current edition of the Ziegfeld Follies. Jack Pearl, to whom has fallen the comic mantle of Sam Bernard, is as popular and as funny as ever in "Artists and Models."

* * *

III: Leo Ornstein's Quintet.

WHEN Leo Ornstein went into voluntary retirement two years ago, one wondered anticipatingly what the result would be. The result is, in one word, disappointing. Conservatives in the field of music may rejoice in Leo Ornstein's quintet, which was recently performed with the composer, himself, at the piano. For Ornstein has returned meekly to the fold of conservative music, and has therefore become ordinary.

What attracted one to the music of Ornstein in the first place were the violence and chaos of his doubts. He was confronted with a universe which seemed awry. He struggled with it. One was aware of fitful moments of exultant triumph, of moments of gnashing despair. His music was ugly, amorphous: yet it had the beauty of a violent thunderstorm. But what did Ornstein make out of all these glorious problems which confronted him? Nothing. They were too great for him, so he rejected them with a shrug of the shoulders, and returned to that eternal musical refuge of so many: sentimentality.

Ornstein's quintet was a miserable disappointment. It was gentle, pretty,

and shallow. Will Ornstein continue in this wise?

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IV: Mary Ellis.

AT the Garrick Theatre, that astonishing young lady, Mary Ellis, is playing with Basil Sydney in a modern dress version of Shakespeare's comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," and is giving one of her usual beautiful performances. One is almost ready to feel grateful that she lost her singing voice while appearing in "Rose-Marie" a few years ago and so had to leave musical comedy for the legitimate stage. For in this case musical comedy's loss proved to be serious drama's gain.

Miss Ellis' versatility would be appalling if it were not so pleasant. One will not soon forget her marvelous performances in the Neighborhood Playhouse's productions of "The Dybbuk" and "The Romantic Young Lady." Nor will one soon forget her delicious portrayal of Katherina in the current Shakespearian revival. When in the last act she gave Katherina's oration on the duties of a wife with just the proper touch of irony, one felt as pleasant as a "glissando." Only one criticism may be made of her performance. Miss Ellis is absolutely too sweet to be shrewish.

* * *

V: Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, who is already acknowledged to be a pianist of the top rank, branched out and conducted the New York Symphony in several concerts. Although handicapped by a poor orchestra, he proved conclusively that once a musician, always a musician. In a musical season which has seen such great conductors as Arturo Toscanini, William Mengelberg, Pierre Monteux, and Serge Koussevitzky, Gabrilowitsch stood out as a conductor of intense feeling and profound depth. He did what very few conductors allow themselves to do: played the music as the composer had written it.

Gabrilowitsch is always lyrical. He conducts with his heart rather than with his head, so that what he conducts comes out as an inspired piece of work but lacks the architectonic logic of a work conducted by Toscanini, for example. He cannot lay brick upon brick and build up to an enormous, devastating climax as Mengelberg can do so well. But where the music is lyrical and poetical, he can make the orchestra hum with an ecstacy equalled by few. He is the poet of the orchestra, as he is of the piano.

* * *

VI: The New Playwrights.

IN Greenwich Village there is a group of playwrights who, not as obtrusively as one would wish, are startling the American drama from torpid conventionality and smug, lethargic respectability. Em Jo Basshe, Michael Gold, Francis Edwards Faragoh, and John Howard Lawson, are stirring up the salubrious throes of modernism in the American theatre.

John Howard Lawson is perhaps the most gifted of the four. His "Processional," produced three years ago by the Theatre Guild, is one of the finest dramas ever written by an American. "Loud Speaker," produced last year, was a hilarious, ironical, expressionistic farce. The New Playwrights this year produced Lawson's "The International," which was a disappointment, in view of what the author had previously done. Its rebellion was too raucous and its satire too obvious to furnish a satisfying evening.

Em Jo Basshe, who previously had written two promising expressionistic plays, "Adam Solitaire" and "Earth," this year wrote "The Centuries," which was also produced at the New Playwright's Theatre. "The Centuries" exhibits Basshe's usual faults. His plays smoulder with an intensity which sometimes results in moments of sharp beauty and at other times approaches the ridiculous. His is the soul of a poet and a musician let loose upon the stage, where the lack of a sense of humor is fatal. However, he possesses a fine sense of dramatic rhythm and a profound knowledge of stage technique—especially of the new method which he and his *confreres* are evolving—and he should soon be capable of writing dramas which would place him at the pinnacle of American dramatists.

Michael Gold's play, "Hoboken Blues," is also written in the kaleidescopic manner of expressionism and with a delicious use of irony. Its production is another notch in the rifle butt of these insurgent playwrights—the rifle with which they are shooting the conventional scheme of American drama to pieces.

* * *

VII: Odds and Ends.

EDNA FERBER and George S. Kaufman, who had previously collaborated upon "Minick," have again united their efforts and produced a delightful comedy, "The Royal Family," dealing with the life of theatrical people. . . . Jed Harris, the astonishing young producer of plays, has three hits on the boards at present: "Broadway" on tour, "The Royal Family," and "Coquette.". . . Erich Wolfgang Korngold's opera, "Violanta," has this year been included in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, and has proved to be a beautiful piece of work. . . . Harry Delf, the popular young actor, is playing in a pleasant little comedy of his own composition called "Atlas and Eva." . . . Lee Simonson's lovely settings for Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" constitute one of the salient features of the current theatrical season. Simonson spent several months in the Far East studying oriental art, and the results justify the effort. . . . Aaron Copland's lectures on modern music at the New School for Social Research have been as interesting as his own music . . . Yehudi Menuhin, a ten year old violinist, recently set New York agog. At so tender an age, Yehudi can play the most difficult of compositions with facile virtuosity. And, what is more important, he has a power of interpretation. A musical soul and a musical intellect! . . . Mark Schweid, recently of Maurice Schwarz's Yiddish Art Theatre, is at present playing three minor roles in the Theatre Guild's production of "Marco Millions.". . . Theresa Helburn's play, "Denbigh," will shortly be produced by the Garrick Players, with Mary Ellis in the cast. . . . Philip Moeller directed the Theatre Guild's production of O'Neill's nine-act drama, "Strange Interlude." A most difficult thing, well done! . . . After a trip around the world, Jascha Heifetz returned to New York this year, and again thrilled his admirers in several concerts. . . . Samson Raphaelson, the author of "The Jazz Singer," has written a play called "Harlem." It will be produced next year by the Civic Repertory Theatre. . . . Jacob Ben Ami's performance in Philip Barry's "John" was one of the finest bits of acting of the season. It is unfortunate that the play was forced to close after two weeks. . . . George Arliss's Shylock was a disappointment. Arliss merely recited lines: his acting lacked feeling. . . . Elmer Rice is co-author of the interesting mystery play, "Cock Robin.". . . Lawrence Langner, one of the directors of the Theatre Guild, has had a charming play, "These Modern Women," produced.

The Intellectuals and the Synagogue

By Samuel S. Cohon

(Note: This is the fourth article of Professor Cohon's series on The American Synagogue.—Editor.)

THE Synagogue has been the light house of the Jewish people. However dark and stormy life's seas may have been for them, they have been cheered and guided by the ideals that shone forth from their sanctuaries. Whether as a house of Assembly, of Prayer or of Learning, the Synagogue centered its interests in the *Torah*. And by the *Torah* it did not mean the mere code of law embodied in the Pentateuch, nor the enlarged code of the *Mishna* or even of the *Shulchan Aruch*. For the Synagogue the *Torah* represented *the ever growing body of ethical and religious instruction or knowledge which encompasses every phase of Jewish life and aspiration*. By upholding the ideal of the *Torah*, the Synagogue made its appeal to the thought of man as well as to his emotions. It asked for faith and it also asked for the cultivation of the intellect. In reason it beheld not the enemy but the ally of faith. Heart and mind function simultaneously in healthy normal beings.

Championing a religion of knowledge, the Synagogue from its very beginning entrusted its leadership not to hereditary priests but to scholars and thinkers. Its ideal of Jewish manhood has not been the ascetic saint but the *talmid chochom*, the "disciple of the wise," the scholar. Indeed one statement from the Talmud on this question may sound like rank audacity, "*Mamzer talmid chochom kodem l'kohen godol am hooretz*," (A Scholar even if he be a bastard ranks above an ignorant high priest). It declares further, "Scholars increase the peace of the world," and then quotes Scripture, *'V'cholbonayich limmude adonoin* (And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord). Therefore, it goes on to say, ". . . great shall be the peace of thy children." Scholars are the true builders of the Jewish world. The heroic men whose lives shine with the brightness of the firmament in the annals of our history are not warriors or statesmen, nor even captains of industry, but men of learning whose lives are unbroken records of ceaseless search after truth, humble students of the laws of God as inscribed in nature and in the heart of man, devout souls who translated their knowledge into noble and pious lives. The *Chachme Yisroel* irradiated the life of our people in days of old. They ushered in the golden period of our history in Moorish Spain, with the mighty contributions of their genius in the field of traditional lore, philology, philosophy, mathematics, medicine and other sciences. And in the nineteenth century the learned sons of the Synagogue brought about a renaissance in Jewish life. In every other period, too, the true scholars and thinkers moved before our people like pillars of fire to guide them on their way.

In no other regard does the transformation of the Western, and particularly of the American, Jew manifest itself so strikingly as in his intellectual interests. That he still loves knowledge is convincingly demonstrated by the flocking of his sons and daughters to the universities, despite the barriers which are often put in their way, and by their crowding of the learned professions. But their ideal of learning and the subjects of their study are quite different. In consequence of the industrial revolution and the rise of capitalism the general attitude toward knowledge has undergone a striking change. Knowledge is no longer prized by the masses of men for its own intrinsic worth, but for the power which it gives them over nature. The tree of knowledge, though it still flourishes by the side of the tree of life in the midst of man's garden of Eden, is valued largely because of its fruits. Jews, like others, have in most cases abandoned the ideal of *Torah lishmoh* —knowledge for its own sake—and strive to combine learning with *tachlis*, that is with practical ends. This fact explains why such a vast number of Jewish students pursue technical and professional studies. They look upon their study from a strictly business standpoint. Intellectual pursuits have come to be valued largely, by Jews as by non-Jews, in proportion to their market value. The student of speculative branches of thought, of the pure sciences and of the humanities, who cannot convert his investigations and discoveries into gilt edge securities is commonly regarded as an idler or *Schlemihl*. Accordingly we encounter today but few such visionaries.

Even these modern *batlonim* or idlers are not altogether impractical. They, too, use their knowledge as "a spade wherewith to dig," though it be a modest one. Through their scholarship they seek to find for themselves some place in the literary or in the educational world. They avoid the field of the science of Judaism because its returns are very meager. The number of active workers in the field, in this country, is so small that any one can count them on his fingers and toes. Consequently the knowledge of Judaism among our intellectuals seldom reaches great depth. Many of the very best of our men of learning in America, while reaching high eminence in mathematics, physics, medicine, psychology economics, general philosophy and history, etc., have remained strangers to Jewish thought and aspiration. The hundreds, or possibly thousands, of lesser luminaries who engage in teaching, medicine, journalism, law, literature and art have still less familiarity with Judaism as a faith and as a mode of life. They tend many vineyards with devotion and self-sacrifice, but through force of circumstances neglect the vineyard of Judaism. From the standpoint of Jewish life and thought they are not one bit more informed than the tailors, clerks, shop keepers, brokers and bankers that make up the bulk of Jewry. Of their Jewishness, many of them have retained nothing save a virulent persecution complex. They remember that they were kept out of non-Jewish fraternities while at college and from certain social clubs after graduation. They feel that their Jewishness stood in the way of their securing positions in both denominational and non-denominational schools, and has robbed them of professional honors and emoluments to which they considered themselves entitled. Some resort to the cheap custom of changing names or even to the nordicization of their Semitic features with the aid of plastic surgery. There are also those who assume an attitude of indifference or a pose of aloofness toward Judaism as a means of impress-

ing their non-Jewish colleagues. Still others studiously avoid Jewish associations. One Jewish instructor is said to have run a marathon race every time a Jew came into sight on the spacious campus of his university. Others carefully avoid all reference to Jewish subjects in their spoken and written words. A young Jew of considerable ability was lecturing before a summer colony of non-Jewish "intellectuals." Quoting St. Paul, he stressed two sources of influence in the life of the renowned Apostle, the Greek and the Roman, but steered clear of implicating the former Pharisee in Jewishness. He went out of the way to comment on Catholicism and Protestantism, but even when he had special occasion to refer to Judaism he avoided the point of irritation. No special knowledge of psychology was necessary to find out what ailed that intellectual.

Quite naturally, some of our intellectuals after meeting with a sufficient number of rebuffs in their flights from themselves and from their heritage, discover that their blue bird lives in their own kitchen. Still a number of them who have taken the trouble to explain their change of heart, show that they have returned with bitterness in their souls, bitterness against the Gentiles into whose society they failed to gain admittance, and bitterness against their brethren in whose midst they find themselves in the end. They return sullenly, with negations of the values which the Jewish group has cherished, with attacks on the organizations and institutions which give stability to Jewish life, with complaints against Judaism and the Synagogue, against the "uncivilized" Jews and their "ignorant" rabbis, etc., etc. Judging from these effusions some conclude that to be "intellectual" means to rage against everything, and to have no positive attitude toward anything Jewish.

With some intellectuals the attitude of dissent has grown into a mental habit. Their training in the sciences may have led them to reject any judgment that has no demonstrable proof to its credit, and to respect no opinion that has not been sufficiently documented. They find themselves unable to subscribe to any doctrine or ideal which the Synagogue upholds before they have personally investigated its grounds and found it to be true. Carrying their excessive individualism into social and religious spheres they find no peace in either. Their inability or refusal to subject their judgment to that of others and to co-operate with others, accounts for their maladjustment. Suffering from the defect of their virtue, they have cut themselves off from the Synagogue and from all other organized Jewish endeavor.

Accordingly Jewish leadership has passed into other hands. The business man may be less gifted and less informed than the intellectual, but he is more willing to shoulder communal responsibilities. His experience in the business world has taught him to be less carping in his criticism and more co-operative where actual work has to be done. He knows that institutions and movements must be supported if they are to function properly. Thus frequently, without the aid and encouragement of the intellectuals, the plain people, whose hearts are sound, build and support the institutions for the care of the orphans and the aged, hospitals, schools and synagogues.

With the divorce of the intellectuals from the life and religious aspirations of the Jewish people, a double injury has been perpetrated. On the one hand, the intellectuals have gone into voluntary exile from their faith. In a spiritual sense, they are men without countries. They feel the disadvantages of belonging to a minority group, and they experience none of the joys and the strength of Jewish religious fellowship. Their children are often even more estranged from the Jewish people and the Jewish ideals. On the other hand, the Synagogue, too, has sustained a severe loss. It can ill afford to do without men and women who have the thought and the skill which are so essential to its creative development.

One of the chief tasks before the American Synagogue—Reform, Conservative and Orthodox—is the reclamation of at least some of its estranged children. To reclaim all of them is quite out of the question. Many of them have completely incapacitated themselves for Jewish life and work. But there are some who are still sound at heart, and may yet be brought back into the fold. Still more important is the work of the Synagogue in directing the mental growth of its young so that such defections may not occur in the future. This calls for an intensified program of education in our *talmud torahs* and religious schools. The concerted efforts of our leaders and the untiring labors of our workers must be bent in the direction of upbuilding the Jewish knowledge of our children and of our adolescents. What the Hillel Foundation has commenced to do for our youth in a few universities should be carried on intensively wherever Jewish young men and women assemble for study. And these educational efforts should not be limited to young people who are yet at college. In the program of the Synagogue there must be emphasized means of continuing the constructive and intellectual Jewish interest of our college bred men and women. With the growth of the knowledge of Judaism will come greater love for its spirit and ideals. And we may again come to know ourselves as the people in whose hearts dwells the *Torah*.

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In the Public Eye

Moses E. Greenebaum

AT THE Standard Club of Chicago there was celebrated on March 17th the seventieth birthday of Moses E. Greenebaum—a veteran, far-visioned banker, a public-spirited, eminently patriotic citizen and a devoted, loyal Jew.

Moses E. Greenebaum

Mr. Greenebaum is at present rendering yeoman service to the cause of American Judaism through his activity as National Treasurer of the Wider Scope Campaign. He is President of the Chicago Sinai Congregation and is a trustee of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. He is also a trustee of the Denver National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives and of the Jewish Institute of Religion of New York City, and Treasurer of the Chicago Citizens' Association.

* * *

David E. Kaufman

SENATOR DAVID A. REED told President Coolidge that he did not know a man, among all his acquaintances, better equipped than David E. Kaufman, socially, mentally or culturally, to fill a diplomatic post. And, acting upon this and other recommendations, the President, several weeks ago, nominated Mr. Kaufman, Minister to Bolivia. A few days later the Senate confirmed the choice by unanimous vote. Thus Kaufman, the wise, tactful, far-visioned lawyer from Philadelphia, will soon be creating goodwill and better understanding in one of the trouble spots of South America. What Morrow has done in Mexico to restore respect and friendliness for the United States, Kaufman is expected to do in Bolivia. They are the same type of men, tolerant and patient themselves and able to inspire tolerance and patience in others.

David E. Kaufman

Mr. Kaufman is 44 years old, and is a member of the law firm, Mowitz, Kaufman and Kohlas of Philadelphia. Up till five years ago he lived in the little town of Towanada, but as soon as he moved into the Pennsylvania metropolis he began to make his presence felt.

In addition to his general public interests and activities, Mr. Kaufman has worked devotedly in behalf of Jewish causes, notably the Y. M. H. A. He is a member of Congregation Keneseth Israel of Philadelphia.

* * *

Rabbi Joseph Silverman

LAST month there was celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Rabbi Joseph Silverman's services in the ministry of Temple Emanu-El of New York City. From 1888 to 1922 he was active rabbi of that congregation and since 1922 he has been rabbi emeritus and honorary rabbi.

Rabbi Joseph Silverman

Rabbi Silverman is one of the most picturesque and most venerable figures in American Jewish public life. He began his services in the rabbinate in the South, and for several years he was a circuit preacher throughout the South and West—thus preparing the way for the establishment of synagogue in those regions.

He toured Palestine under the auspices of the Palestine Foundation Fund, and afterward wrote a series of articles on his experiences in that country.

Rabbi Silverman has served as Consulting Editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, as a member of the Committee for the Religious Congress of the Chicago World's Fair, as President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, as President of District No. 1, I. O. B. B., and as Grand Chaplain of the Masons of New York State. He has written extensively for leading American Jewish and general publications.

Morris D. Waldman

EVERYONE who is familiar with the rise and development of Jewish Social Service in America knows of the achievements of Morris D. Waldman. In various American cities and on missions abroad he has rendered distinguished service in public welfare work. And now he has been elected Secretary of the American Jewish Committee, an office, the scope and nature of which will give Mr. Waldman an excellent opportunity to employ to the fullest his creative imagination and his notable executive ability.

Morris D. Waldman

At one time he directed the distribution of immigrants who came to this country by way of Galveston, and later he was Manager of the United Hebrew Charities of New York. After that he became Director of the Federated Jewish Charities of Boston. He has also served abroad with the J. D. C. At present Mr. Waldman is Secretary of the Jewish Welfare Federation of Detroit.

* * *

Felix Fuld

ALL Newark is now singing the praises of Felix Fuld; for he gave $250,000 to the fund recently raised for the Beth Israel Hospital of that city. He gave that amount on condition that a total of $1,000,000 be raised. And such an incentive to enthusiasm and generosity did this prove that instead of $1,000,000 the drive brought in $1,853,000.

Felix Fuld

This is the greatest gift of one who has been known for years as an outstanding giver.

Mr. Fuld is a leader of the United Jewish Charities of Newark and is active in various other civic and communal enterprises—especially the Y. M. and Y. W. H. A. and the Boy Scouts movement.

The Printed Page

False Messiahs

Messianic Speculation in Israel, by Abba Hillel Silver. (Macmillan.)

THE prominent Cleveland rabbi, Abba Hillel Silver, has brought out here in book form an expansion of the thesis for which he was granted the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Hebrew Union College. "Messianic Speculation in Israel," then, is a scholarly study rather than a popular book. Dr. Silver does his popularizing from the pulpit, but here he has chosen to give us a work of pure research into one of the less cultivated fields of Jewish knowledge.

To the scholar this work will be invaluable, for no one has previously covered the original literature and brought together all the material on Jewish calculations as to when the Messiah might be expected. Dr. Silver goes beyond this, in fact, for he ties these speculations up closely with the various Messianic movements in Israel, from that of Jesus to that of Shabbatai Zevi, and shows that every such movement was the result, not of persecution and outside pressure, which always existed, but of the definite conviction that prophecy was to be fulfilled and the end of the world was at hand.

The most original part of this thesis is that touching the origin of Christianity. Dr. Silver follows Klausner in considering the work of Jesus, not a modern ethical preachment nor the founding of a new church, but simply a Jewish Messianic movement. But, says he, why did they look for a Messiah in that particular decade rather than earlier, so that a number of Messianic movements were recorded by Josephus within a few years? And why did these movements cease for a hundred years and come to the front again in the ill-fated Bar Kochba rebellion of 135 A. D.? His answer is interesting. He ties this up with the calculations of the end, based on the book of Daniel and later literature. According to the chronology, in use at the time, the year 5000 was then approaching, and the sixth millenium, that of the Messiah, was due. All Palestine was in a ferment of expectation, and men looked to any likely person with eager longing as the hoped-for deliverer from the power of Rome and the evils of the world.

Dr. Silver has produced a real contribution to Jewish knowledge, and has proved himself a scholar as well as a preacher and Jewish leader.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

A New Note in Anglo-Jewish Literature

The Legend Called Meryom, by Joseph Gaer. (William Morrow & Co., New York.)

JOSEPH GAER, who with "The Legend Called Meryom," comes forward as a full fledged novelist, needs no introduction to readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. Like his shorter sketches, this new tale of a woman, lonely and beautiful, is a story of the author's native Russia; as in his other tales, there is the wistful mysticism coupled with a formlessness of plot that is typical of some of the later Russians.

The story begins with the birth of Meryom, an unwanted girl child in a family already burdened with babies of the wrong gender. In spite of this grievous handicap she passed a happy enough childhood; she had her dreams, and there was always the despised cobbler to tell her fairy stories; later she learned to wander by herself in the enchanted worlds pictured by Dumas and Hugo.

Of course, Meryom married; what else was there in the world for a good Jewish daughter to do? She was not overly happy with her husband, but she was not too unhappy; children came; the surface of her life was calm enough. She was painfully hungry for what she felt she had missed . . . and could not fathom. Sometimes lonely, she found an equally lonely soul in her husband's brother, Motke.

She achieves one purpose in life by sending her children to school, breaking for them the freer paths her own feet might never tread. One by one, those things which seemed so trivial to others, which meant so much to her, drifted away. She is very tired; yet how can one die who has never really lived?

Her passing out is as colorless as her life; the ignoramus of a village doctor pronounces her obituary. Years later her happy, young, granddaughter finds in an old family trunk the picture of a lovely face; the face of Meryom, sketched by the silent Motke, who perhaps understood a little. She finds also the verses Meryom had copied from a poet just a short time before her death.

Such is "The Legend of Meryom," a touching story with an illusive beauty, which transforms Gaer's group of Jewish provincials into world-citizens and gives this tale a dignity that is truly universal. It is a story that should appeal to all searchers for a note that is both new and noble in Anglo-Jewish literature.

ELMA E. LEVINGER.

Light on Darkest Africa

Travels in North Africa, by Prof. Nahum Slousch (Jewish Publication Society of America.)

NOT many people are aware of the fact that there are Jewish communities in North Africa. Yet, Prof. Slousch, who spent much time exploring that far-flung region, found there settlement upon settlement of our brethren leading a varied and picturesque, albeit, generally harsh and trying existence.

He describes feelingly the habitat and modes of strange tribes of Israelites living in tent-like dwellings. And he tells also of troglodyte Jews, half-hidden in their pathetic underground caves. To show how primitive these people are, Prof. Slousch enumerates the weird superstitions and barbaric customs which hold them in thrall. Yet, the author points out, there are some rays of light even in this benighted region. Amidst all the ignorance there is some genuine learning; and the inhabitants, despite their backwardness, show on occasion singular manifestations of kindliness.

By tracking out this unbeaten path and by giving us a fascinating account of his experiences along the way, the professor has rendered a distinct service to the Jewish people and to all people who are interested in uncommon forms of human society.

OSCAR LEONARD.

B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE CAMPAIGN

A few more of the leaders of the Metropolitan District, New York City.

Success Anticipated in Greater New York's Drive

MOMENTUM, which it is expected will swing the Wider Scope Campaign in Greater New York to success, has been attained during the past month by a series of events, planned with the express purpose of impressing New York Jewry with the vital significance of the Wider Scope program.

With the selection, a few weeks ago, of Benjamin Altheimer as Honorary National Vice Chairman of the Wider Scope Campaign, this inspiring enterprise gained for itself an active force of high significance and value. Veteran civic and communal worker that he is and wise as he is in the ways of reaching the people, Mr. Altheimer has already, by joining hands with Judge Elkus and the other leaders, helped immensely to speed up the undertaking.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Altheimer's achievements as Director of the United Jewish Charities of St. Louis and as President of the Y. M. H. A. in the same city, his pioneer services in bringing relief to the yellow fever victims of the South, his exemplary work as Treasurer of the New York Executive Committee of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, realize what a happy choice the Wider Scope Committee made in selecting him National Vice Chairman of its organization.

The drive has gained impetus also of late through the good will gifts of Felix Warburg and Paul Baerwald. These far-visioned enthusiasts, ever present, where work is being done in the interests of Jewish life, Jewish religion and Jewish culture, have made substantial initial contributions to the Wider Scope Fund, and thus have started the ball-a-rolling, so to speak. In this they were joined by Judge Elkus, Benjamin Altheimer, Maurice Davidson, Judge Sulzberger, Professor Bachrach, Sam Mason, Harry Arrow, James N. Rosenberg and many others. Very helpful also has been Louis Marshall's expression of his appreciation of the merits of the Hillel Foundation.

So the work goes on gaining strength steadily. Truly thrilling is the hearty response the great campaign is arousing in all sections and quarters of Greater New York's complex Jewish community or rather communities. Especially exhilarating, in this connection, is the voluntary offer of his services recently made by Dr. Nathan Stern, President of the Association of Reform Rabbis of New York City and vicinity. In a letter to Dr. Boris D. Bogen, National Director of the Wider Scope Campaign, he writes:

"Both as President of the Association of Reform Rabbis of New York City and vicinity and for myself individually, I wish to express my hearty approval of the Hillel Foundation and my endorsement of the Wider Scope Campaign for funds to further the work in behalf of which the Hillel Foundation has been called into being. From its inception, I have followed with keen interest the Hillel Founda-

tion and its program of religious activity among college young men and women during their college years. To a great extent, the hope of Israel and of Judaism lies in the loyalty and sympathetic understanding which college bred youths may bring to our Jewish faith and to Jewish problems.

"I wish the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Campaign Committee all possible success, and in whatever way I can be of assistance, personally or as President of the Association of Reform Rabbis, I stand ready to serve."

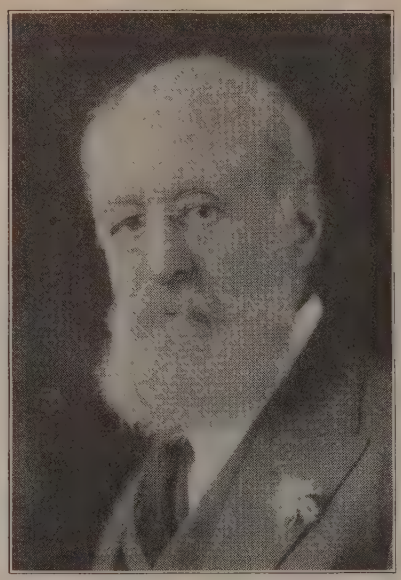
Over Two Hundred Candidates Installed in Lodges and Auxiliaries

A joint-installation of over two hundred candidates for admission to the lodges and ladies' auxiliaries of the metropolitan area; a tea to the officers of the ladies' auxiliaries at which a Women's Division of the Campaign was organized; and a dinner by Hon. Maurice Bloch, President of District No. 1, to presidents and past presidents of the New York lodges and their auxiliaries were the principal public functions of the month of March.

The lodges and auxiliaries have taken up the campaign with lively enthusiasm. The Wider Scope program, and especially the Hillel Foundation, is constantly being discussed in the lodge-rooms. Every lodge in the "Greater City" has organized a number of teams which will first secure the maximum contributions from their own members, and, with that out of the way, will participate in a general canvass of several thousand selected "prospects." Closely co-operating with every step of the campaign, as outlined by Chairman Maurice P. Davidson, are President Bloch and the New York members of the District General Committee, including Charles Hartman, Joseph Rosenzweig, Hon. Myron Sulzberger, Louis Fabricant, Ely Rosenberg, Hon. Albert Cohn, Joshua Kantrowitz, Leo Lewin, Lazarus Schlechter, Morris Moskowitz, Louis W. Osterweis and Clarence Bachrach.

New York's leading rabbis, and more especially Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Dr. Nathan Krass, Dr. Leo Jung, Dr. Maurice H. Harris, Dr. Nathan Stern and Dr. Barnett Elzas are giving the campaign their fullest, most earnest co-operation.

Prominent rabbis of the city, among them Dr. Leo Jung and Dr. Maurice H. Harris, have delivered special sermons on the Hillel Foundation. And these sermons have been printed by the Wider Scope Committee and are being mailed to the entire membership of the rabbis' congregations.



Benjamin Altheimer

At their March meeting the New York Board of Jewish Ministers enthusiastically endorsed the Hillel Foundation and pledged their support to the Wider Scope Campaign.

The great event which will formally launch the general drive will be "Hillel Night" at the Hotel Astor on April 15th. Professor Chauncey E. Baldwin, of the University of Illinois, Rev. Dr. Nathan Krass, and President Alfred M. Cohen have already consented to speak. A number of Hillelites from various universities will be invited to speak and exemplify for New York Jewry the great Jewish value of the Hillel Foundations.

JOINT INITIATION—A COLORFUL AND IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

Rabbi Nathan Krass Delivers Moving Address

THE spacious auditorium of the Sisters' Building on West 85th Street was jammed to overflowing by nearly one thousand members of the B'nai B'rith lodges and auxiliaries, at the joint initiation on March 1st of 150 candidates for membership in the Order and 70 candidates for membership in the women's auxiliaries, the largest class of novitiates ever inducted into the lodges of New York City at one time.

Additional interest was aroused in the event by the action of the Metropolitan Conference in making it also the occasion of the Conference's formal reception to Hon. Maurice Bloch, President of District No. 1, who came away from pressing legislative and party duties at Albany, where he is the minority leader in the assembly, to be present.

Rabbi Nathan Krass was the orator of the evening and his address was devoted to the program of the Wider Scope Committee of the Order.

"It is not the Hamans that we need fear," he declared. "Neither can the Anti-Semite do the Jewish people much harm in the long run. In a manner of speaking, they serve Israel better than they evilly design, because when we are attacked from without, our ranks close up. We draw together for protection and help. It is the anti-Semite within our fold, the Jew who is ashamed of his origin, the man who despises his people, who is our greatest menace. The B'nai B'rith by reaching out to find the Jew who has become alienated, who has become indifferent to his religion and his people renders a great Jewish service. In extending the influence of Judaism to our student youth in the colleges and universities, instilling them with Jewish self-respect and Jewish pride, and inculcating in them the desire to render Jewish service, the Hillel Foundation established by the Wider Scope Committee are performing a task which entitles it to the support not only of the membership of the B'nai B'rith, but of all Jews."

L. E. Schlechter Leads in Initiation Exercises

The initiation exercises were conducted under the leadership of L. E. Schlechter, President of the Metropolitan Conference, and a specially chosen degree team which included Rabbi Abraham Burstein and Cantor Schlager. Special music and a series of Jewish tableaux, staged by the women's auxiliaries, gave the initiation added dramatic color.

Maurice P. Davidson, Chairman of the Wider Scope Committee, was one of the speakers. "The response of the lodges in this city demonstrates the virility of the Order in a striking manner," he declared, "and the interest in the campaign in circles outside of the B'nai B'rith augurs well for its success. The work of the Hillel Foundation and the Anti-Defamation League especially are winning ever-widening support."

Joseph Rosenzweig was another speaker.

Assemblyman Bloch, responding to the address of welcome by Brother Schlechter, expressed his great satisfaction with the growth of the Order in this district during the past year. "This is due to the qualities for which the Order stands, the service it seeks to render the Jewish people," he said. "No self-respecting Jew should remain outside our ranks because in the B'nai B'rith he will find many opportunities for Jewish service. The Wider Scope program is one that must attract every Jew who loves his people, and I rejoice that it is gaining such popularity in this city."

AUXILIARY OFFICERS ORGANIZE WOMEN'S DIVISION

Chairman Maurice P. Davidson Is Principal Speaker

AUXILIARY members were guests at a tea given at the Hotel Astor Sunday afternoon, March 4th, by the Women's Auxiliaries Committee. The hosts were the presidents and secretaries of the seven auxiliary lodges in Greater New York, which includes Brooklyn Auxiliary, Manhattan-Washington Auxiliary, New York Auxiliary, Jordan Auxiliary, Chananiah Auxiliary, Henry Jones-Lebanon Auxiliary, and Rehoboth Auxiliary.

By unanimous vote, the ladies present agreed to organize themselves as the women's division of the campaign. Mrs. Emily K. Duschner was elected Honorary Chairman and Mrs. Harry L. Smith, President of the New York Auxiliary No. 22, was elected Chairman.

The guests from the various lodges were:

Brooklyn No. 20: Mrs. Anna E. Blank, Mrs. Florence Leff, Mrs. Shirley Applebaum, Mrs. Jacob I. Krause, Miss Jeanette Oettinger, Mrs. B. S. Michaelson, Miss Ida Cook, Miss Rose Gottlieb, Mrs. M. M. Loinger, Mrs. Hazel Buegeleisen, Mrs. Edith I. Leuchtag, Miss Minnie Friedman, Miss Leah Oettinger, Mrs. Anna Rockmore.

Manhattan-Washington No. 21: Mrs. Winifred Glucksman, Miss Martha C. Goldstein, Miss Frances Lemle, Mrs. Sally Lease, Miss Dorothy Goodman, Miss Gladys Nadel, Miss Pauline Bernstein, Miss Hattie Herzog, Miss Jessica Feldberg.

New York No. 22: Mrs. Emily K. Duschnes, Miss Sarah Klein, Mrs. Dora Meisel, Miss Frances C. Texon, Miss Augusta Israel, Mrs. Nan Garber, Mrs. Marie Miller, Miss Bess Burstein, Miss Mae Cross, Mrs. Sadie Golieb, Miss Jean Baum, Miss Augusta Hammer, Mrs. Wm. M. Shacknow, Mrs. Max H. Hauben, Mrs. L. Kornicker, Miss Clara Sugarman, Mrs. L. S. Michaelson, Miss Margaret Israel, Miss Stella Janko, Miss Etta Marsh, Miss Florence Klein, Mrs. S. Priester, Miss Gussie Evans, Miss Tillie Jacobious, Miss Rose Klein, Miss Rose Feinberg.

Jordan No. 26: Mrs. S. J. Friedlander, Mrs. Jessie Friedlander, Mrs. Aimee Meyer, Mrs. Juliette F. Potter, Mrs. Maud M. Myers, Mrs. F. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Theresa Fredenheimer, Mrs. H. H. Cohen, Mrs. Adolph Schwarzbaum, Mrs. A. I. Siegel, Mrs. S. Lampl, Mrs. H. W. Pollock, Mrs. Ida Wyckoff, Mrs. H. Waldman, Mrs. B. Cerf, Mrs. S. Fibel, Mrs. S. Fischer, Mrs. M. Schwinger, Mrs. J. Karet, Mrs. I. Dembitz, Mrs. E. Buchalter, Mrs. L. Scherer, Mrs. J. Greenlick, Mrs. M. Morje, Mrs. M. Blumenstock, Mrs. F. Ehrlich, Mrs. G. Cohen, Mrs. G. Goodman, Mrs. C. Glanzrock, Mrs. K. Steiner, Mrs. D. Segal, Mrs. P. Kraus, Mrs. L. Schwartz, Mrs. C. Cahn, Mrs. M. Ferguson, Mrs. J. Jolien, Mrs. I. Goldberg, Mrs. B. Nebenzahl, Mrs. C. Mehrlust, Mrs. A. Smolens, Mrs. M. Herzog, Mrs. H. Ehrlich, Mrs. G. Ehrlich.

Chananiah No. 39. Miss Blanche Oppenheimer, Miss Anna Vogel, Mrs. Louis Rothschild, Miss Dorothy Sprinz, Miss Mattie Sprinz, Miss Minnie Rothschild, Mrs. Tessie Stern, Mrs. Seymour Lauscher, Miss Fannie Klein, Miss Ethel Kalette.

Henry Jones-Lebanon No. 57: Miss Leonora Coleman, Miss Elsie Davis, Miss Doris Franklin, Mrs. Emma Yonteff, Miss Ida Rosenthal, Miss Mabel Hirschfield, Miss Lee Kaplan, Mrs. Louis Fabricant, Mrs. Mary Harrison, Mrs. Samuel H. Goldberg, Miss Amy H. Lewis.

Rehoboth No. 65: Mrs. Henrietta Beck, Mrs. Bessie Riche, Mrs. Ray Davis, Mrs. Sarah Klapow, Miss Etta Breitman, Mrs. Anna Miramon, Mrs. Minnie Bussel, Mrs. Bertha Franklin, Mrs. Helen Schachter, Mrs. Sophie Cooper, Mrs. Nat Frank, Miss Bertha Katz, Mrs. Sally Epstein, Mrs. I. Mirsky, Mrs. Frances Rosenberg, Mrs. Rebecca Rothman, Mrs. Mary Eckstein, Mrs. Ida Bruckner, Mrs. Rose Chafetz, Mrs. Ida Chariff and Mrs. Ida Pearlman.

The hosts were: Mrs. Anna Rockmore, President, Mrs. Shirley Applebaum, Secretary, Brooklyn No. 20; Miss Jessica Feldberg, President, Miss Gladys Nadel, Secretary, Manhattan-Washington No. 21; Mrs. Lillian H. Smith, President, Miss Jean Baum, Secretary, New York No. 22; Mrs. E. Steiner, President, Mrs. Helen Siegel, Secretary, Chananiah No. 39; Miss Amy H. Lewis, President, Miss Elsie Davis, Secretary, Henry Jones Lebanon No. 57; Mrs Mary Eckstein, President, Miss Etta Breitman, Secretary, Rehoboth No. 65.

Wider Scope Chairman Davidson was the principal speaker, making a powerful appeal for the women's participation in the campaign. Among other things, Mr. Davidson said:

"Barriers are set up between youth and maturity which are difficult to penetrate; barriers which arise insensibly, and of which maturity is unconscious. Youthful aspirations and ideals, and the youthful point of view is difficult of apprehension by those who have emerged from the adolescent period of life and have settled down to a conservatism of thought and a habit of thinking which threatens to become a sort of mental straitjacket. When we talk and hear of the rebellion of modern youth, it is that very thing which they rebel against, that is, the set habits of thinking and rutted grove of thought in which the older generation moves.

"What is it then which appeals to youth? Freshness of ideas, a new interpretation of history as applied to modern thought and conditions, and an enlarged view of future objectives. You cannot fool youth with shams. Youth is keen to detect bunk. But if you give them the goods they will rally behind a real cause. That's our task; to strip away old shibboleths and show them that Judaism is a real, live force."

NEW YORK B'NAI B'RITH OBSERVE PURIM

OVER 1,500 couples, mainly members of New York lodges and ladies' auxiliaries, participated in the Purim Ball given by the Metropolitan Conference at the Level Club on Sunday evening, March 11th. The great success of the fair was due mainly to the efforts of Theodore Badman, William Asher and Meyer Plotz.

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE CALLS UPON B'NAI B'RITH TO LEAD AMERICAN JEWRY

PLEDGING his active participation in the Wider Scope Campaign of the B'nai B'rith in New York City, at a dinner on Sunday night, March 18th, at the Waldorf-Astoria, given by Assemblyman Maurice Bloch, Presi-

dent of District No. 1, I. O. B. B., to presidents and past presidents of Lodges and Women's Auxiliaries within the Metropolitan area, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, who was the principal speaker, told his audience that the Hillel Foundations held out the chief hope of saving the intellectual Jewish youth of America for their people and their faith.

Like the B'nai B'rith itself, declared Dr. Wise, the Hillel Foundations are not confined to any particular Jewish point of view, but constitute a cross-section of all Jewry, representing and symbolizing the catholicity of Israel. "I know the work of the Hillel Foundations from my own active contact with them," Dr. Wise stated. "I have visited at least half of those that have been already established and I have seen how potent is their influence in stimulating and fortifying the Jewish consciousness of our college students. I do not look to the Hillel Foundations to reclaim those Jewish snobs and cowards who have left their faith. Let them go. The sooner we are purged of their presence in the House of Israel the better for Israel. But for those who need that stimulus which will help them to remain steadfast, the Hillel Foundations supply it in abundant measure."

Announcing that he and Mrs. Wise would contribute to the Wider Scope Campaign, Dr. Wise called upon the B'nai B'rith to take its proper place once more in American Jewish life, the place, he said, to which it was entitled by virtue of its eighty years of useful service and its potentialities for future service.

JEWISH "NON-SECTARIANISM" FEATURE OF HILLEL FOUNDATIONS

RABBI LEO JUNG, spiritual leader of the West 86th Street Jewish Center, New York City, staunch advocate of Orthodoxy, and President of the Rabinical Council of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, has given his endorsement of the Hillel Foundation of the I. O. B. B. because of the "non-sectarianism" of its Jewish work among students at the American universities.

The following is the endorsement in part, which was in the form of an address, delivered by him at the March meeting of New York Lodge No. 1:

"The Hillel Foundation represents the first effort to deal with the problem of the Jewish collegiate youth in a constructive and satisfactory manner. . . .

"The Hillel Foundation, by offering opportunity for study, for contact with congenial men and women, for enjoyable and encouraging information, has succeeded in re-arousing among our academic youth a virile Jewish consciousness. But, what is more important: The Hillel Foundation is the first non-sectarian effort of the B'nai B'rith. . . .

"I have observed how excellently this non-sectarianism works at the Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois. Not only do Reform and Orthodox Jews not quarrel, but on the basis of a clear-cut division, they have achieved mutual respect and co-operation. The Orthodox Jew is being taught the strength and beauty of Orthodox Judaism. The Reform Jew has every opportunity for becoming acquainted with his creed. There is no interference with one's conscience, and there is generous encouragement of one's spiritual growth. . . ."

BROOKLYN DRIVE OPENED

At a luncheon given by Mr. Hugo Piesen in honor of Judge Grover M. Moscowitz at the Granada Hotel, the first move was made towards raising initial subscriptions in Brooklyn. A total of $25,000 was subscribed for the five-year period. And Judge Moscowitz pledged his services in the work of bringing the campaign to a successful culmination.

Welcome to New York

To B'nai B'rith Members and Contributors to the Wider Scope Committee:

If you happen to be in New York during the months of March and April do not miss an opportunity to visit the headquarters of the

Wider Scope Committee, at 261 Broadway

An intensive effort is being made to launch the Wider Scope movement in the metropolis. Your moral support is wanted. **Get in touch with your friends and acquaintances in New York City and enlist their co-operation.** Call their attention to the services they will be rendering by supporting the Wider Scope Program—the program which, through its various divisions is effectively meeting some of the most important CULTURAL and SPIRITUAL needs of AMERICAN JEWRY.

MAURICE P. DAVIDSON,
Chairman.

The Music of the Synagogue

By Louis Scheingarten

THE fusion of melancholy and of rejoicing is the keynote of medieval Jewish music. With the exception of the hallelujahs, prayers, and some of the meditations, the music of the Psalms is minor in character and diffused in a variety of tones—ranging from the silent whisper of love to the high vibration of lamentation. Conversely, the music of the hallelujahs is distinctly major in key, rising gradually from the joyful ring of victory to the most jovial shout of a bacchanalian.

Once heard, the melodies of Israel are not easily forgotten. They leave a lasting impression. Ranging from the highest elevation of joy to the deepest abyss of grief, now hopeful, now depressed, they cover the whole of Jewish history. As their notes fill our souls, a mental panòrama unrolls itself before our eyes. We see the Temple in all its splendor, the priests discharging their duties, the sons and the daughters of Judah in happy union; and then we are reminded of the sorrows and lamentations of our people. But whether in joy or in sorrow, the prevailing note is, "How should we sing the song of the Lord on the soil of the stranger?"

King David, who has been credited with the authorship of the Psalms, can be justly called the father of Hebrew music. In a systematic way, King David attempted to embody music in the Hebrew religion. He chose 4000 singers from the tribe of Levi and placed them under the tutorship of Asaph, Heman, and Jehutem, who were the chief composers of the music of the Psalms. Altogether it was largely through his efforts that music became an art.

The mission of the Levites was clearly defined. They were to thank the Lord every morning by word of mouth and with instruments. The Levites were divided into groups of 2000. Each section was to serve in the Temple for a month at a time. This naturally led to a sub-division into groups of 500, each of which served for one week. The company for the week was called the **mishmor,** (watch) as they were compelled to watch at their posts and to sleep in the basement of the Temple. Discipline was very rigid. If the Lord of the Mansion (title of Temple director) found, on his rounds, a Levite violating the Temple regulations, he burned his clothes and beat his back with a club. It was quite common to hear the wails of some unfortunate ringing out against the quiet of a peaceful evening. At sunrise while the priests prepared the morning sacrifice, the 500 stood at their stands, upon which lay the text of the morning prayer, and sang their praise to Jehovah. This ceremony was repeated at the evening offering.

The Temple was shaped like a half-moon; so the director was able to face all of the musicians. The orchestra was placed in the balcony and gallery. The company was divided into small parties of singers, cymbal players, etc. When the signal was given (a flag was used as a baton), the entire group burst into song simultaneously. Every day had its selection from the Psalms, and the Talmud tells us that on the day of the destruction of the first Temple, which occurred on the ninth day of the month of Ab, when the enemy entered the Temple, the Levites were singing the closing lines of the 94th Psalm: "And He hath brought upon them their own iniquity, and will cut them off in their own evil;— the Lord our God will cut them off." "Curious," remarks the Talmud, "that on the same day of the same month the second Temple was destroyed, and when the Romans entered, the singers of Zion were repeating the same verses of the same Psalm." This is not at all curious if we remember that each day had its Psalm. Since the Psalms served the nation as a calendar it is only natural that the same Psalm was sung on the same day four centuries later.

One hundred years before the Christian Era, the struggle between the Pharisees and the Sadducees finally culminated in a separation of the two. The Pharisees believed that the Temple was not the only place in which to worship. The Sadducees, however, believed that the only proper place in which to worship Jehovah was the Temple. The Pharisees also believed that the "sacrifice" was an obsolete custom and should not be indulged in. The result of the dispute was the institution of synagogue procedure with plain musical and prayer services and without the formalities of a sacrificial offering.

The most famous of the synagogues was the temple at Alexandria built on the model of the Temple at Jerusalem but in the Greek style of architecture. The beauty of this temple was recognized by the Talmud, which says in part, "he who has not seen that temple has never seen what beauty really is."

The first official who conducted the services was the famous Chonaw, a genuine priest who had been forced to flee from the Temple at Jerusalem, where he had been High Priest, owing to intrigues of his brother. In the Alexandrian temple, sacrifices were not offered up. The services consisted of songs and prayers—chiefly Psalms with a Zionistic motive, but breathing an Hellenistic air. Soon after, many other synagogues sprang up, even in the city of Jerusalem, and the Talmud tells us that at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem there were over 400 synagogues in existence. As instrument playing was not allowed on the Sabbath, outside of the Temple, the synagogues adopted vocal choruses and choirs; and thus began the study of voice culture on a scientific basis.

The earliest synagogue music was founded on the same system and method as prevailed in the Temple itself. Joshua Ben Hananiah, who served as a member of a Levitical choir, tells us that the choristers went in a body to the synagogue, from the Temple, and thus participated in both services. The earliest synagogue choir consisted of 12 Levites in addition to a group of boys. It is therefore clear that originally the Psalms were sung and not recited in the synagogues.

Owing to the exile and suffering of the Jews, since the destruction of the Temple, Hebrew music has been affected greatly. It has lost some of its original force and has been affected by strange influences.

Traveling from place to place, Jewish exiles, however, never ceased singing and reciting the praises of Jehovah. In this way was created the great Jewish prayer book, the compositions in which are known as the music of the synagogue. But no matter how the present music of the synagogue came into existence, we shall always recognize that its original source and fountain head is the music of the Psalms.

News in Views

THE castle-like building above is the famous Bezalel Art school of Palestine, which was recently forced to close down on account of lack of funds. A movement is now under way to reopen it.

International Photo

HEBREW relics found in a cellar on the East Side of New York being loaded on a hearse. They are to be buried in Montefiore Cemetery.

U. of A. H. C. Photo

THIS illuminated page of text, out of the HAGGADAH, is the work of Arthur Szyk, a young Jewish artist who is a native of Poland at present living in Paris. In this piece, as well as in the SEDER scene, which was printed here last month, and through an oversight not credited to Szyk, he plainly shows that he is modeling his work after the Jewish illustrators and miniaturists of centuries ago.

Jewish Daily Forward

ABOVE we see the newly elected Executive Committee of the United Hebrew Trades of New York. These men not only guide the action of organized Jewish labor in its dealings with employers, but also direct the workingmen in the various Jewish unions, in their cultural and communal undertakings. Max Pine, who is shown seated third from the left, passed away since this picture was taken, and is mourned not only by his fellow workingmen but also by thousands of others who knew of his high endeavors in behalf of the Jewish masses here and abroad.

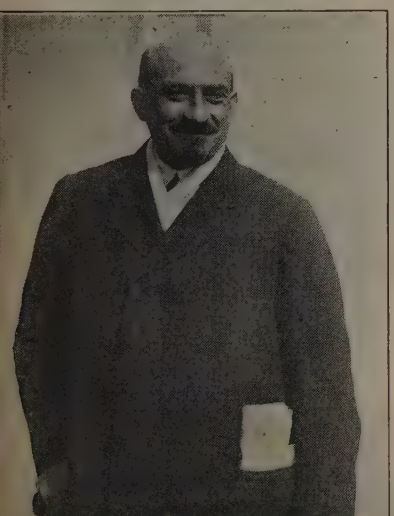
A GROUP of happy girls in one of the new Jewish colonies on the steppes of Russia. They are noteworthy examples of the type of athletic young womanhood growing up among the Jewish farmers in the land of the Soviets.

Jewish Daily Forward

HIRSCH SCHMULOWITZ, who is shown here at work on a door mat at the New York Guild for the Jewish blind, is 106 years old. He is reputed to be the oldest man earning his own living.

THIS group of sturdy young lads and their leaders are the pride of Israel Friedlander Lodge No. 877 of Roanoke, Va. For five years this troop of Jewish boys has helped to set the pace for the scout movement in their home city.

BELOW—These impressive looking trophies were awarded to the winning teams and individual stars at the 4th Annual Aleph Zadik Aleph tournament held in Milwaukee last month.



DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN, head of the world Zionist Organization, recently arrived in the United States for his fifth tour of this country. He predicts an early consummation of the Jewish Agency, uniting Zionists and non-Zionists in work for Palestine.

Palestine: A Land of Contrasts

By Emil Bogen

THE Arab boatmen plying between ship and shore at Jaffa are lithe, swarthy, husky and handsome, and particularly expert linguists, shouting lustily in Arabic, English, Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian and French. The quarantine system is suggestive of Ellis Island, with less distinction between first and third class. Everyone landing at Jaffa receives a vaccination against smallpox, no matter how recently he may have had one, or how strenuously he may object, and is ordered to report to the authorities later in the week for inspection of the result. Adjoining the little port is the Jewish city of Tel Aviv, resembling one of the suburbs of New York rather than an Oriental community in its bustling, modern commercial and recreational activities. The fine asphalt and macadam road from Jaffa to Jerusalem passes through a desolate, rocky region, offering little hope of returns for the tremendous expenditures required for its reclamation. Jerusalem, for nearly a mile from the Jaffa Gate into the old city, is really quite modern, with well paved streets, wide enough to allow automobiles to pass freely, new street signs, traffic policemen, fine stone buildings, with just enough of the Oriental flavor in the architecture to be distinctive, and a tinge of the desert in the occasional vacant spaces. But on the other side of Jaffa Gate . . . Old Jerusalem is . . . different.

There are many walled cities in the old world. The grand boulevards of Paris and Moscow mark the site of abandoned city walls. City gates, with fragments of the walls still standing, can be seen in most of the cities of Europe, and the Kremlin in Moscow and its counterparts in many other Russian cities, like the wall of the old Seraglio in Constantinople, are still formidable barriers. But Jerusalem is not merely a city surrounded by a wall, as are the others. It is literally built in a wall. The pueblos of New Mexico would make the closest comparison—tremendous stone apartment houses that they are—but they are too simple in construction. Old Jerusalem is complexly built with its caverns and grottos, lanes, alley passages, arcades, bazaars, balconies, stairways and walls. An automobile cannot pass into the old city. It must go around the city walls, but heavily laden little donkeys, and sometimes even a camel, move along the narrow aisles, often too narrow for persons to walk two abreast. And people! Well, New York subways are packed during the rush hour, but there the passengers are systematically disposed of. Here they are in every attitude, lying, sitting, lounging, leaning, and walking—all in the crowded street. And light. Well, there is enough to see your way about, when you get accustomed to the dimness, but that's all. The Arab women here wear veils—pretty things, those veils, but not the faces behind them. For the most part the Arab women seem to age very rapidly here. In many places the black veils cannot be seen for the darkness. But they must be a valuable protection against the flies, which abound here. And smells! They're not really so bad, when you get used to them, only tremendously composite and varied. No wonder the Orientals burn incense.

Is there anywhere a city with so large a hospital and dispensary attendance as Jerusalem? Besides the government hospitals and the half dozen Jewish hospitals, there are a number conducted by the missionaries. There is an impressively quiet, clean and efficient English atmosphere about the Christian Mission Society Hospital on Tancred Lane. Curiously enough the signs in the wards are mainly in the Hebrew language, because, most of the patients are Jewish. They keep a strictly kosher kitchen, where every effort is made to conform to the requirements of the most pious Jew who may apply for admission. The Rothschild Hospital, not far away, conducted by the Hadassah organization is overcrowded and handicapped by consequent difficulties. The nurses' training school connected with it is quite thoroughly organized. It is certainly regrettable that, because of prejudices against post-mortem examinations among the Jewish population there seems to be no possibility of establishing a modern medical school and really scientific study and treatment of the patients in Palestine.

The main building of the Hebrew University on the ridge of Mt. Scopus was wrecked in the earthquake, and the scientists there are working in cramped quarters in the parts that have already been restored, but when fully restored, there will be plenty of space for a great deal of work. There are few regular classes in this University, but considerable research work is being carried on. Dr. Kligler, the head of the Department of Hygiene and a recognized authority on malaria, is now busy investigating trachoma and sand fly fever, which are endemic in Palestine, while his assistant, Dr. Geiger, is

Flour Mill in Haifa

studying problems of nutrition especially connected with salt deficiencies. Dr. Adler, the parasitologist, who has written extensively on the leishmania, is observing the behavior of amoeba in cultures, and Dr. Wittenberg, an enthusiastic helminthologist, is tracing out the life history of parasites of man and beast never before recognized. Dr. Fodor, the bio-chemist, has the oldest and largest department in the University, and in connection with his studies on enzymes and the chemistry of proteins, is developing a new kind of malted whole wheat bread that may eliminate milling and increase both the caloric and the vitamine and mineral content of bread. The library of the University is scattered in a number of crowded buildings in Zichron Moshe, on the other side of Jerusalem, where are also located additional departments of the University.

From the bay of Haifa to the Jordan river, between the mountains of Galilee on the North and Mt. Carmel and the Bilboa mountains on the south, stretches the valley of Jèzreel, the Emek Israel—the chief base of Zionist colonization since the war. About half of this land now belongs to Jews, mainly to the Jewish National Fund. It is rolling, dry, and rocky, resembling somewhat the plains of Arizona or New Mexico, except that there are many springs and during the winter there is abundant rainfall.

At Jeddah, a small *kevutzah*, stands a large building, erected for use as a

Herzl Street in Tel Aviv

textile factory, by a group of Jugo-Slavian Jews who invested all their savings in the building and machinery. But their funds proved insufficient to complete the equipment or secure materials to work with, and so it stands, useless and deserted, while its founders have lost all hope that they may ever regain anything of the costly investment it represents. This situation of a large project undertaken in excess of resources, though familiar to Jews of that part of the world is always tragic. Why is it allowed to develop?

Nahalal is one of the best examples of Zionist colonization. It is a *moshav*, or small holders' settlement, with a population of about a hundred families, each of which occupies a separate plot of ground and works it under conditions much like those of the settlers in Crimea. The village is laid out in a circular shape, with a central area for public buildings, schools, meeting places, etc., and a circular array of houses and yards, looking both efficient and artistic, certainly more appealing than the American cross-road village plan, or the two short parallel streets of the Crimean colonies. The houses are generally built of stone and are quite substantial, but paint is lacking and curtains, flowers, trees, and the other niceties, so commonly seen in the German settlements and often in the Jewish colonies in Russia, are here rare. An extremely practical Girls' Agricultural Training School operates a segment of the colony.

Ain Harod, the largest *kevutzah* in Palestine, is a striking manifestation of radical social theory. Over four hundred persons live here an absolutely communal life, eating together in large community dining halls, sleeping together in common barracks, sharing alike in the good and ill fortunes of the community. Private property is practically unknown. Even the children are almost completely cared for from birth onward in the communal nurseries and children's division, the parents seeing them only for short visits after or before working hours. In fact, in Tel Josef, a *kevutzah* not far away, the children's division is an entirely separate establishment, located a number of miles away from the parent colony. A woman who had lived at Daganiah Aleph for more than a dozen years, pointing to the nursery building where her children were raised, expressed great satisfaction with this extremely communal mode of life, which left the mother free for outside work.

Hauling Rocks Near Nahalal

And the children certainly appear well cared for.

Great work has been done in draining the swamps and marshes in the Jewish settlements, but since the adjacent Arab villages have done nothing of the kind, mosquitoes and malaria still abound. As for flies, no pretense is made at combatting them. The black swarms are generally accepted as an absolutely unpreventable and only mildly inconvenient phenomenon. The malaria situation is particularly distressing in the region north of Tiberias, and near the marsh-bordered upper Jordan. That the colonists who live in the numerous small settlements here are heroes is beyond doubt. Few indeed of the early settlers have survived, and the children here are pale and thin, with the enlarged spleens of chronic malaria. The farms, however, seem richer than those in the Emek.

In the extreme north lies Kfar Gileadi, the last resting place of the renowned Joseph Trumpeldor. The saga of this hero forms a new Jewish epic, which is rapidly assuming a legendary character. The lineage of Trumpeldor, his return to Judaism, his exploits in the Russo-Japanese war and his glorious departure from the army of the Czar form a mythological background for the romantic career he carved out for himself in the Holy Land. His actual contributions to the stabilization of Jewish life in the scattered colonies must have been great. But they are quite overshadowed by the dramatic tale of his death, fighting heroically against fearful odds in the defense of his newly-found fatherland

and people against Arab hosts. The Maccabees and Bar Kochba are often recalled by way of comparison in the stories of this latest great Jewish military leader and martyr.

It is difficult to draw any valid conclusions about Palestine. "It is all a bluff," lamented one who had been there for more than five years. "Zionism seems a cruel Anti-Semitic plot to inflict the greatest amount of misery upon the Jews both here and in the Diaspora." "It's a joy to be here," said another. "If every other Jew in Palestine were to go away, I should still be happy to remain here, alone, on the land of my fathers, *Eretz Yisroel.*"

More than sixty-five million dollars has been sunk in Zionist activities in Palestine, it is claimed, with less actual agricultural achievements than have been accomplished in Crimea in the past few years with but a small fraction of that amount. With emigration exceeding immigration, with the Arab birth rate fifty percent greater than that of the Jews, and the Arabs already outnumbering the Jews six to one, the prospects for a Jewish majority in Palestine still seem remote. As Jewish power, and therefore Jewish demands, increase, the conflict between Jews, Arabs and Christians sharpens. The Temple site, behind the praying wall, now the Mosque of Omar and a dangerous place for a Jew to frequent especially on the Moslem holy days, is a constant source of danger.

Colonists Bringing Load of Hay From Field

Yet one can not but be impressed by the sight of the settlers in the Judean colonies, with flourishing orchards and vineyards, and lithe children tilling the fields. It is moving to see the hundreds of girls and boys working the land in the training schools and agricultural settlements, or breaking stones on the roads. It is inspiring to behold the colonists in a malaria-ridden dump like Daganiah, persisting for years, in patriarchial communism, against all odds, or in Ain Harod, realizing in practice what is only talked about in Russia, the actual abolition of private property. Nor can one ignore the wonders of Tel Aviv, the city of joy built on air, or the University in Jerusalem and the *Technicum* in Haifa. It is often said that Palestine cannot succeed without a miracle. Can it be that such a miracle is actually taking place?

District No. 6 Well Represented at Cleveland Orphan Home

MORE than 1,300 children of the 4,000 cared for at the Jewish Orphan Home at Cleveland, Ohio, since the institution was founded in 1868, came from the states of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota. These states make up District No. 6, Independent Order B'nai B'rith; and the data is part of the statistics recently compiled by Superintendent Michael Sharlitt to show the source of the Home's population for the past sixty years. Mr. Sharlitt's chart further shows that of the present population of 347 children at the home, 124 come from the States of District No. 6.

The sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Home will be celebrated next July. Many of the original buildings are still in use, but will give way shortly to the new cottage plan institution to be erected in University Heights, a suburb of Cleveland. The new buildings will be located on a thirty-one acre plot, and each of the twelve cottages will accommodate twenty-five children under the care of a cottage mother. District No. 6, I. O. B. B. is being asked to raise $600,000 for the new building fund through campaigns to be conducted in the communities throughout the eight states comprising the district.

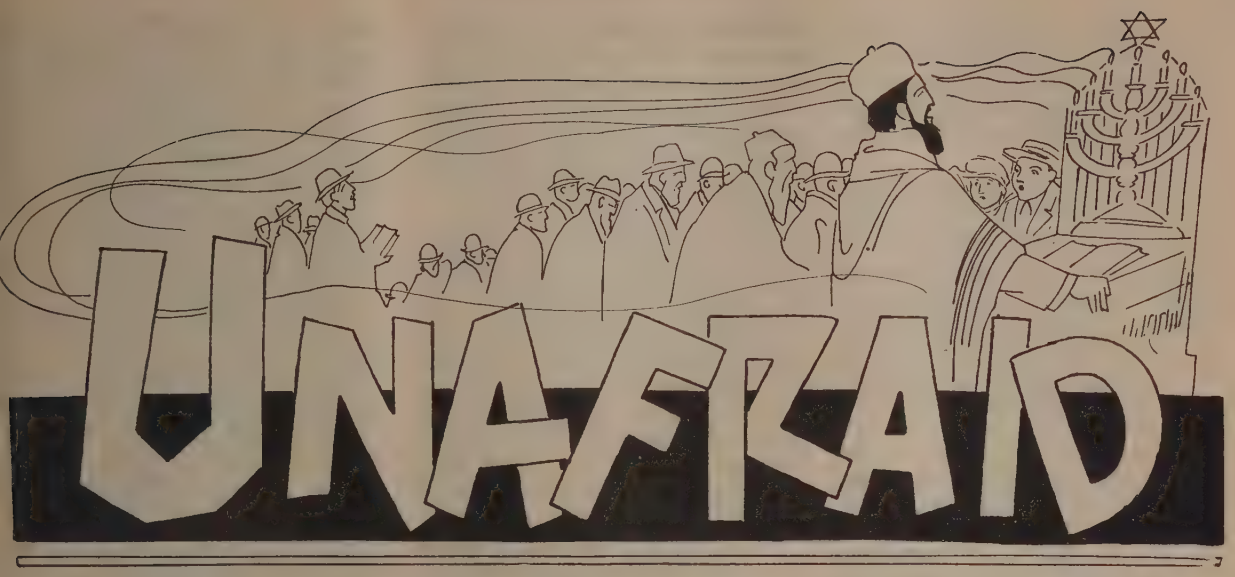
Illinois has sent 589 children to the Home, since 1868, it is indicated in Superintendent Sharlitt's summary, and the other states of the district are recorded as follows: Wisconsin, 190; Michigan, 181; Minnesota, 169; Nebraska, 125; Iowa, 50; North Dakota, 14, and South Dakota, 4. All of the children from South Dakota are at the Home at present as are fifty per cent of those sent from North Dakota since the Home was founded. The number of children from the other states of District No. 6 at the Orphan Home at present are Illinois, 18; Iowa, 12; Michigan, 16; Minnesota, 26; Nebraska, 30; and Wisconsin, 11.

Lazarus Opens Milwaukee Drive

Fred J. Lazarus, Jr., President of the Cleveland Orphan Home, made the most of an excellent opportunity last month. He opened the Milwaukee drive in behalf of the Home, during the week in which Gilead Lodge of that city celebrated simultaneously its own 65th birthday and the 85th anniversary of the Order. Before an enthusiastic and responsive gathering in the Athletic Club of Milwaukee, Mr. Lazarus outlined the history of the Home and the reasons for the building fund drive.

Among the guests at this meeting were Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, International President; and Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Secretary; Henry Monsky of Omaha, National Chairman of Wide Scope Committee; William Sultan Vice Chairman of District No. 6 Wide Scope Committee; and Harry Lapidus of Omaha.

There is no doubt that Milwaukee will respond in its well-known spirit of generosity and bring in more than its quota in the Cleveland Orphan Home Campaign.



Illustrated by Saul Raskin

By Fanny Evelyn Freehof

THE holiday atmosphere was apparent in every corner of the room. Benny looked about. The table was already set. The shining brass candlesticks held glittering lights which illuminated the table. The wineglasses sparkled on the white plates. The blue-edged tablecloth added a new cheerfulness to the room. In the center of the table was a small blue vase with the fresh flowers Benny and his mother had purchased that morning in the market. Even the walls were newly papered. The white curtains hung crisply on the windows. Everything was bright and new.

Benny looked into the kitchen. His mother and his married sister were preparing the salt water; his mother was dextrously putting the steel knife through the hard eggs. Curiously he watched the even layers fall rapidly into the water. As he stood there sweet familiar aromas reached him from the brown *matzoh* balls sizzling in the stove and the cake browning in the oven. It really was the nicest holiday. And yet. . .

He turned away. His father was looking critically at the table for some forgotten necessity. He was putting in his tie. His bent shoulders seemed straightened. There was something . . . he seemed different . . as if he and Yossef the tailor were too different persons. . .

His father moved about the room attiring himself in his holiday clothes. He was humming an old melody. "Benny," he said, gaily putting his arm through the sleeve of his coat. "Where's the new hat?"

Benny approached the cupboard. He stepped on a chair, and brought forth a large bag. Lightly he jumped off the chair. He reached into the bag. Carefully he drew it out. How pretty it was! The color of his new suit. And yet . . . he was not altogether happy. There was something troubling him. If it were only tomorrow—tomorrow; the ordeal would be over. The asking of the question would be over. He would not mind it so much the second time. But tonight. . .

"Come, it's getting late," his father said as he moved towards the front door. Benny assented. He picked up his new hat and reluctantly followed him out of the house.

People Were Hurrying to the Synagogue

Outside, a faint darkness was beginning to tinge the sky. The last rays of the sun had long since vanished and had become part of the dusk. The gas lamps were lit. People were hurrying to the synagogue. Many stores were already closed. Even the toy store on the corner, that realm of ecstasy, had extinguished its lights. The streets were getting darker. An unusual stillness. And yet . . . it was not sad. There was something peaceful about it; a peace that seemed to envelop Benny's heart and fill it with reverence. But as he walked along with his father, he remembered all at once the duty which he was to perform—a duty that filled him with a sudden responsibility, the anticipation of which had almost made him desperate. And tonight. . . He was filled with apprehension. He clung tighter to his father's hand.

"What is it?" inquired his father.

Benny did not answer. What could he say? How could he explain? He was again possessed of those long-restrained questions. There were so many things he could have asked his father, but he did not know how to begin. He could have asked him why there are holidays. Why couldn't you eat ice cream and candy all week? And most of all why does the youngest of the family have to ask the questions? Didn't they know how his heart fluttered at the mere mention of it? Don't they understand it is so hard for him that for the last few weeks he had wished for the holiday never to come? And now. . . . How could he stand up before all of them and say it? How? If it were in school with other children of his own age it would not be so hard. But in his own house, before grown-ups whose eyes were always upon you—always watching you. . . . How could he? There were so many things to ask his father. So many things to tell him. But he said nothing. He walked quietly along trying to keep pace with his father's long strides. Every few minutes he consoled himself. "Gee, what's the use of being scared." He passed some girls of the neighborhood near the curb rolling their nuts by the gleam of the street lamp, apparently too impatient to wait until the morning. He

looked at them enviously. "Gee, girls have it easy," he reflected bitterly.

They entered the large synagogue.

A tall man bent down and pinched Benny's cheek playfully. "You know the questions?"

Benny felt a shudder go through him.. He shook himself free.

Somberly He Followed His Father

"Oh yes," his father answered proudly. Benny did not say anything. Somberly he followed his father to their seats. He was cheered by a sudden hope. Maybe they would forget to ask him. . . Maybe he would fall asleep before he had to say it. . . . Maybe he could run away. . . . He looked about him. The services had already begun. There was a deep silence hovering about. If he stood up now, they would all look at him. Even his father would ask him where he was going. What would he tell him? No. He couldn't do that. He looked up to the gallery. There were not many women there. Just a few old ones. Their handkerchiefs were slipping back with every movement of their heads. They bent over their prayer books shaking . . . shaking . . . shaking. He wondered why people shake when they pray. Don't they ever get tired? Once he had asked his mother about it. But she had told him not to ask foolish questions. Was it foolish? But they do keep on shaking. Don't they ever get tired—never? He looked up to the ceiling. The glaring lights made him blink. Some day when he was big—big as his brother Joe, he would have just so many lights in his room—and not turn them out when he went to sleep.

He sat back and watched the cantor. His deep-toned voice resounded through the stillness. He stood on the platform and sang with his head somewhat lifted. His voice rang clear and beautiful. He sang passage after passage in the same untiring voice, only stopping to let the assembled answer loudly, sincerely. When the last voice had died down he would again resume. There was something about that voice . . . it seemed to make Benny think of a green meadow he had once seen from the window of a train . . . and once, that voice made him think of his mother when she cried . . . at another time it seemed to plead. Why was it so sad? What did he want? Why did they all listen with such rapt attention? What did the cantor say that was so important? For a long time he watched the cantor. He came to the conclusion that if the cantor were afraid he could not sing so clearly and the people would not listen to him. He must try and be like the cantor. When he arrived home he would stand up and ask the questions just like that and maybe his voice would sound as clear in their dining-room, as the cantor's did here.

The cantor began a new passage. Benny was getting drowsy. With an effort he forced himself to think of other things. He thought of the nuts he would get in the morning. His mother had promised him a large bagfull. He could visualize himself winning all the nuts from Sammie. He remembered that he had broke Sammy last year. If he could get some heavy large nuts. . . "Woppers." Then his success was certain. . . .

His father rose; he too stood up. He looked at the other children who like himself were restlessly moving about. He looked at them more closely. He wondered whether they, too, had to ask the questions. Were they scared? He scrutinized their faces but could not detect any signs of fear.

"A Wonderful Voice"

At last the services were over. Slowly the men were filling the aisles. Enthusiastic remarks about the cantor were heard.

"Sweet as sugar."

"A wonderful voice."

"A strong voice." Benny's father made the last remark as they walked down the broad steps.

The street was quiet. The stars were clear. The moon had lowered its paleness on the narrow street. Th night was warm. A soft breez touched their faces. The crowd con ing out of the synagogue did not sto They branched off into small group and turned different ways. Benn walked home engrossed in his thought If he could only say it clear and lou —just like the cantor—unafraid.

"Come, sit down," called his fathe Benny surveyed the table. At th head sat his father leaning slightly o the large white pillow. Near him sa Benny's mother. She wore a ne dress, and her face shone with a smil in spite of her tiredness. The littl damp curls about her face made he look young. She looked proudly a those assembled about the table. I he could only rush over to her . . bury his face in her bosom . . . an tell her how he was trembling . . tell her that he couldn't . . . he couldn . . . But what would happen if he di do that? She would pat him gentl try to persuade him to say it. And i he still refused, she would make ther go on—without him. His brother Jo would say it. And all of them woul look at him smilingly as he nestle closer to his mother. Their face would plainly show that they still con sidered him a baby. He felt a twing at his heart. He took his place a the table. Opposite him sat his mar ried sister with her husband. Nea him sat Joe, joking in subdued tone On the other side of the table sat hi grandmother. Her brown wrinkle face emerged from a gray dress. He small head was covered with a whit silk scarf which was tied in a loos

Their Faces Seemed to Be Moving Toward Him.

not under her chin. Her heavy-veined hands rested on her lap. They were all so happy. And he. . . .

In a few minutes they were ready. His brother had filled the wine glasses. The open prayer books rested on the table. His father rose and in a clear voice made *Kiddush*. Benny watched him go on with the ceremonies of the *Seder*. He soon reached the breaking of the *matzoh*. He took half of the *matzoh* and slipped it beneath the pillow, making the usual remark that it must not be taken out until after the *Seder*. The rest of the family turned all at once and looked significantly at Benny. A smile touched their lips. But he did not comprehend. He was trying to think of a way to control the trembling of his body, the fluttering of his heart. Vainly he tried to console himself. What was the use of being scared? But the throbbing of his heart continued and his hands trembled so that he was sure that every one could see it. His father leaned back in his chair and looked at Benny.

"Come, now, stand up." His father's voice was extraordinarily loud.

Benny remained seated and looked at him with painful intensity.

"Stand up." His mother's voice reached him. Her voice, too, seemed louder.

He sat perfectly still.

"Come."

Yet he remained gazing at the tablecloth.

"Benny," coaxed his mother. Her voice seemed more gentle now.

Faces Seemed to Be Moving Toward Him

Deadly pale with terror he rose. It seemed to him that all the figures about the table had suddenly grown larger . . . almost gigantic. Even his grandmother seemed to expand in her chair. Their faces seemed to be moving towards him . . . nearer . . . nearer. They were almost upon him. He was aroused by the impatient voice of his sister. "Well, Benny, we're waiting."

He felt his throat tightening. He felt a lump. He wondered if his voice could come out because of it. He cleared his voice. But the lump remained. If they would only give him a chance. He could say it. He knew every word. But they wouldn't come . . . if he could only begin the first word. . . . Then suddenly he thought of the cantor. He thought of his clear voice, his slightly lifted head. He must. . . . He straightened his shoulders and lifted his head. Then with a compelling effort his voice emerged. "Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights?"

He paused and took hold of the tablecloth. Then the quivering voice went on, "On all other nights we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread." He stopped and pressed his trembling hands against the table. He did not look up. But he knew that everyone was watching him, their eyes resting intently on him. But he did not seem to mind it so much now. It was almost over . . . just a few more words . . . just a few. . . .

"Good," encouraged his father.

They All Smiled at Him Happily

Benny looked at him gratefully, and began less timorously, "On all other nights we may eat any species of herbs, but on this night only bitter herbs." He paused again. He was getting dizzy. His eyes were burning. He turned and took hold of his chair. He must go on. It was almost over. He raised his head and with a sudden vehemence began abruptly, "On all other nights we do not even dip once, but on this night twice; on all other nights we eat and drink, either sitting or leaning, on this night we all lean." As he finished the last word it seemed to him that the faces were slowly moving away. . . He sank into his chair. They all smiled at him happily. His grandmother nodded her head. "You should live until next year and say it again." There was a catch in her voice.

His mother smiled at him, nodding her head triumphantly. His sister reached over and patted his hand. But he seemed oblivious of all that. He was thinking that it was all over! He had done it. It was all over! The men burst into a responsive prayer, bending seriously over the prayer book. The women relaxed in their chairs. For some moments he watched them. And as he saw their pleased faces, he felt himself relapse into irresponsibility. He was soon thinking of what would take place in the morning, in the yard of the synagogue. He would have a large bag of nuts. . . . "Woppers." He would surely beat Sammie. Even when he played nuts in the morning he would be like the cantor—unafraid—unafraid. . . .

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Leopold Pilichowski: A Historian in Paint

By J. Z. Jacobson

THERE is at present in New York a Jewish artist by the name of Leopold Pilichowski. Today an artist who is Jewish is not a novelty: some of the very greatest painters and sculptors are sons of the House of Israel. But Pilichowski is different from most of these. He belongs with the devoted few who are something more than artists who merely happen to be Jewish. He belongs with the doubly select few artists who are consciously Jewish—whose life, whose work, whose aims, whose aspirations are Jewish. Pilichowski is a voice of his people. He makes articulate their dreams, their sorrows, their trials and tribulations, their ecstacies, their defeats and victories. And he does all this not by the spoken or written word nor by song, but by pictures, by paintings, by colors and lights and shadows, by catching and putting on canvas the significant expressions of faces and posture of bodies, with their meaningful lines and curves and angles.

Leopold Pilichowski

A little man in the late fifties, somewhat stooped in the shoulders and gray-haired, Pilichowski is, true to the artist nature in him, young in spirit and eager to do much yet to show his people the aesthetic side of Jewish aspirations, Jewish idealizations. There is light in his eyes, the light of the dreamer and perennial visionary.

Pilichowski Is a Symbol

Pilichowski is a symbol of his people and of his age. He is a prototype, an example. His chief purpose in coming to this country from his native Europe, is to exhibit a colossal work, called "The Opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem." It is a painting 128 feet long, and in it are portrayed 120 separate and distinct persons, besides a general mass of spectators. It was begun in 1925 and completed only recently.

What is significant about this work, aside from its innate value as a painting, is its heroic scope, the effort, the energy, the courage, the will, required to conceive and execute it. In this it is symbolic of the university itself, the dedication of which it pictures; and in the doing of it, Pilichowski proved himself a personification of the whole Jewish people. The Jewish people in opening the Hebrew University, as they did on Mount Scopus in Jerusalem, stirred the imagination of mankind. And Pilichowski, depicting the dedication of this aspiring temple of learning, in the way that he did, also stirred the imagination and inspired awe and thankfulness by his manifestation of indomitable human will.

The gigantic work is the highest reach of a career which has risen steadily upward, upward.

Daughters of Israel

Caught First Glimpses of the Sublime in the Synagogue

Pilichowski was born in a little town near Lodz, Poland. And he was brought up in the typical, traditional, East-European Jewish fashion. In the *cheder* he received his first schooling, and in the synagogue he caught his first glimpses of the sublime. In the streets of the townlet his soul was touched by childhood contacts with the tragic, the pathetic and the whimsical.

One can visualize him as an avid-eyed little lad going about looking at people and things with the keen perception and precocious understanding, which, in fuller development, helped make him the artist that he is. One can see him even then in contemplation, as he watched the solemn and merry wedding processions in the courtyard of synagogues. One can well imagine him looking with his very soul at the hunted stare in the eyes of his elders. One can easily fancy his childish musings over the sanctified sheen of the Sabbath air and the other-worldly glow in the faces of the pious men in the synagogue. And one can picture him alone in a quiet, perhaps semi-dark, corner thinking over the significance of all this—dreaming, dreaming and conceiving graphic representations of the various scenes, the multifarious expressions.

This was up till his *Bar Mitzvah* year. At the age of 13 he went to Warsaw. Here he encountered for the first time the outer world, so to speak, the greater, wider world. He began his general, secular education, and at the age of 17 he entered a Warsaw art school.

His surroundings were new, different, rather alien. But the Jewishness in him did not weaken. If anything, it steadily became more intensified.

The stoical old Jews of Warsaw, with the pathos and majesty that hovered over them, made an indelible impression upon his mind and his soul. The significance of the *Golus* entered his consciousness and became part of his being. He beheld the horrible suffering and it ate into his heart; he felt that he would have to cry out and that his way of crying out would have to be with the speaking brush of the artist.

To perfect his innate skill he went to Munich to further his studies and his training. And from there he proceeded to Paris, the Mecca of all artists. But wherever he went his Jewishness went with him.

Was Portrayer of the Golus

A little known, though very wise man, once said that no person worth his spiritual salt is ever entangled in locality. And Pilichowski has always to paint the portraits of notables. But he never wavered from his self-imposed task, mission, duty—however you may wish to term it—of being a portrayer of the *Golus*.

Then came Zionism.

And Pilichowski's sanguine nature was fired with the new enthusiasm. The gloom of the *Golus* had been painted Herzl, Nordau, Bialik, A'had Ha'am, Sokolow, Weizmann, Tchlenov, et al.

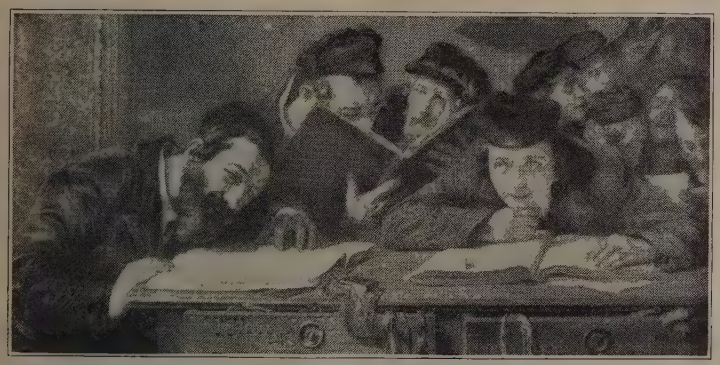
And then came the crowning work, "The Opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem."

Now, Pilichowski is traveling about from one country to another exhibiting his works. A painting of his was

Scholars in a Temple

weighing heavily on his soul and he needed light and warmth. Zionism brought him that light and warmth; and from the portrayer of the *Golus* he was metamorphosed into the herald of hope. He left despair behind and became a voice of the Jewish renaissance.

He attended all the Zionist Congresses and he took his brush and easel with him. He won the attention of Nahum Sokolow and of David Wolfsohn. They secured for him commissions. And he became ever more imbued with the idea of portraying, in one form or another, the Jewish renaissance. It was in this spirit that he undertook the painting of a gallery of the new Jewish emancipators. He purchased for the Luxembourg in Paris. Two others are in the national museum of Poland. And his piece on the opening of the univeristy has, at the invitation of the King of England, been shown at Buckingham Palace. All that is gratifying, of course. But still Pilichowski wanders from one land to another, from one Jewish community to another: for it is the Jewish masses whom he is most eager to have see his paintings. He wants to bring them closer to Judaism and Jewishness, he wants to impress them with the sanctity and sublimity of their heritage and their hope. And the most effective way, at his command, of doing that is the exhibition of his work, his work which is so poignantly, so intensely, so expressly Jewish.



Sons of the Talmud

measured up to this standard. Thus during his sojourn in the very heart of the Latin Quarter of Paris, he busied himself painting scenes he remembered from the synagogue and the streets of the little town of his nativity in Poland. He won recognition, fame. His works were widely exhibited. Public galleries bought his paintings. He received commissions

Communication

Virginia Museum of Natural History, Inc.,
Roanoke, Va.

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I regard your magazine as one of the best edited and one of the most broad-minded magazines published in America. It's a great pity that your publication does not reach more Gentile homes. I like it and enjoy reading it. Keep the good work going.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. RYLAND MARTIN
President.

Fourth Annual A. Z. A. Tournament a Thrilling Success

IT WAS thrilling to pass the city hall of Milwaukee on March 23d, 24th and 25th. For extending from it there was a sign bearing the words, "Welcome A. Z. A." By day this greeting of friendliness and hospitality stood forth in bold letters and by night it met one's eyes in brilliant electric lights. Now what is significant about this official salutation is that it truly crystalized the attitude of Milwaukeans towards the alert and sturdy lads of our junior order who had come to the city from various parts of the country to participate in the fourth annual national tournament of the A. Z. A.

President Cohen Speaker at Luncheon

The opening event of the gathering was the luncheon at the Schroeder Hotel, Friday noon, March 23d. Speeches were delivered here by Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, International President of the B'nai B'rith, and by Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Secretary. Especially impressive was President Cohen's talk. He told the boys that though he had often spoken at gatherings of bankers he felt that never before had he addressed such a wealthy audience. Youth, he pointed out, is the most precious wealth, and it is up to them who possess it to make the most of it for themselves and for others.

Louis Lepp and Sam Fregger constituted the Omaha debating team which carried away the tournament's forensic honors. The proposition which they argued was: "Resolved, that emancipation has been harmful to Judaism." During the course of the tournament the nimble-minded lads from Nebraska established their superiority over the entire field of contestants, first upholding one side of the question and then the other. The Sheboygan team put up an admirable fight as Omaha's opponent in the debating finals.

The debates proved thought-provoking to the entire gathering. For the debaters having devoted days and days to research on the subject were able to point our forcefully the pitfalls that Judaism must avoid in this age of freedom.

Kansas City Boy Wins Oratorical Contest

And again in the oratorical contest more information and ideas were set forth to stir up salutary thoughts in the minds of the young boys and their friends who were present. The winner of this contest was Albert Shaw of Kansas City, Kansas, the subject being, "Jewish Philanthropy." Other participants were: Sol Goodset of Milwaukee, Joseph Paul Toner of Dayton, Max Zellen of Lincoln and Meyer L. Rutz of Fargo.

Traveling 2,500 miles to take part in the tournament, the basketball team from Portland, Oregon, carried away first honors in that sport by defeating the strong Des Moines team, last year's champs. This contest between Portland and Des Moines, the final one in the basketball division, was featured by fast, clever and clean playing, and by excellent sportsmanship. The score was: Portland, 24, and Des Moines, 19. Bennie and Louis Beckerman, brothers, were the stars of the Des Moines team. And the Rottenberg brothers, Sam and Morris, and Henry and Morris Levoff, also brothers, did the starring for Portland.

Des Moines Captain Shows Sportsmanship

A fine bit of sportsmanship was manifested by the Des Moines captain in permitting two Portland players, who had been called out on fouls, to continue to play.

At the close of the tournament the coaches and officials selected the following all-star basketball team: forwards, Levin and Bennie Beckerman, Des Moines; center, Rasumny, Portland; guards, Morris Levoff, Portland (captain); and Joseph Lapin, Kansas City.

Prizes were awarded at the banquet given at Hotel Pfister, as the culminating event of the tournament. All first place winners received gold medals, and silver medals were awarded to the runners-up. The chapters, the representatives of which won first honors, were awarded silver trophies, as well as points towards the Best All-Around Chapter Plaque. Appropriate awards were also given to chapters, the representatives of which carried off second honors.

The principal address at the closing banquet was delivered by Sam Beber, President of the Supreme Advisory Council of the A. Z. A. Order.

Previous to this, on Saturday evening, the Milwaukee chapter gave a dance in honor of the visitors.

And on Sunday morning the entire group attended services at Temple Emanu-El, where 150 seats had been reserved for them. Rabbi Samuel Hirshberg's sermon on "The Life of Disrael," proved especially appropriate.

Participants in Fourth National A. Z. A. Tournament and Visitors

News of the Lodges

President Cohen in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE was for several days last month the B'nai B'rith center of attention and attraction. On Thursday evening, March 23rd, Gilead Lodge of that city celebrated simultaneously its 65th anniversary and the 85th anniversary of the founding of the Order. And in recognition of the high significance of the occasion, Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, International President of the B'nai B'rith, accompanied by Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Secretary, made a special trip from Cincinnati to participate in the ceremonies.

President Cohen electrified the enthusiastic and festive gathering with his spirited address. He outlined the eventful history of the Order and gave a comprehensive exposition of the varied scope of its activities and the practically world-wide sphere of its influence. He told of negotiations now going on with the end in view of establishing lodges in South America, China and South Africa, stirring the imagination with his emphasis of the yeoman service the B'nai B'rith are rendering in keeping alive the ideals of Judaism in the far-flung regions of the earth. Then he came closer to home and dwelt upon the program and notable achievements of the Hillel Foundation. And his peroration was a fervid plea to the B'nai B'rith of Milwaukee, and indirectly to the B'nai B'rith everywhere, to live up to the highest aspirations of the Order, and to keep constantly on the alert in the work of advancing and strengthening Judaism and bringing about true fellowship among all the sons of man.

On Friday, March 23rd, Mr. Cohen spoke to a gathering of A. Z. A. representatives who had come to Milwaukee from all parts of the country to participate in the national A. Z. A. tournament. His theme on this occasion was the asset of youth.

The same evening the guest of honor addressed the Temple Emanu-El B'ne Jeshurun congregation on the subject, "Some Hopeful Signs."

* * *

OUT in Oakland, Calif., they are still talking about the A. Z. A. tournament which was held in that city several weeks ago—so gratifyingly successful was it.

PAUL ASH of Chicago, "the Rajah of Jazz," has become a Ben B'rith. Paul was initiated into Adolf Kraus Lodge of the mid-western metropolis on Wednesday night, March 21st. He came with his "gang," orchestra that is, and gave the Adolf Kraus brethren and the Adolf Kraus auxiliary an evening of joyous, rollicking and thrilling entertainment such as they have never before experienced. Adolf Kraus brethren, congratulations. All hail to Paul Ash.

* * *

DISTRICT Grand Lodge No. 2 recently completed an admirable undertaking which is certain to prove of permanent value in helping to bring about a crystalization and fuller understanding of the worth and significance of our Order. The district conducted an essay contest on the subject, "What the B'nai B'rith Means to Me." And the four prize winning essays are being published in the *Mirror*, its official organ. First prize of $100 was awarded to Abraham S. Hyman, a student at the University of Illinois, who has been greatly inspired by the work of the Hillel Foundation at that university. Second prize of $35.00 was awarded to Mr. A. Rosenthal of St. Louis. Third honors were divided between Mr. Albert Lipper of Kansas City, Mo., and Dr. Alexander Schonbar of Colorado Springs, Colo.—each of whom has been awarded a prize of $15.00.

* * *

BROTHER Julius Reis is a member of the General Committee of District Grand Lodge No. 5 and a very active and beloved one. It was only because of an oversight that his name was omitted from the list of the membership of that committee as published in the March *B'nai B'rith Magazine*.

* * *

ABOUT the middle of next month Providence, R. I., will blossom forth with B'nai B'rith decorations and become pervaded with the B'nai B'rith spirit and enthusiasm. For on May 13th there will open in that city the annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 1. Mr. Nathan Werner, who has been chosen chairman of the convention, announces that preparations now well under way indicate that this year's concourse is going to be a historic one.

A UNIQUE feature of this year's annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 3, which is to take place next month in Pittsburgh, will be a pilgrimage to the B'nai B'rith Home for Children at Erie, Pa. The Honorable Joseph L. Kun, President of the District, will lead the pilgrims to the Home where they will participate in the formal opening exercises of the impressive-looking synagogue which is part of the new $130,000 annex.

* * *

A FEATURE of this year's convention of District Grand Lodge No. 7, which is to take place in Houston, Texas, the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of this month, will be a talk by Brother Henry Monsky, National Chairman of the Wider Scope Committee. Brother Monsky will tell of the recent progress and development of the various Wider Scope activities.

* * *

THE B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation renders both direct and indirect service. An instance of the highly valuable indirect service the Foundation is performing is a speech delivered by Dr. Moses Jung of the University of Illinois Foundation. By invitation from the Open Forum Committee of the First Congregational Church of Champaign he spoke recently before that congregation on the subject, "What is Judaism?"

* * *

LAST month the Hillel Foundation of the University of Wisconsin successfully carried through its Student Loan Fund Drive. The success of the campaign will make it possible to expand the scope of this loan service so that it may be of even greater help than it has already been in making it possible for needy students to continue their studies.

* * *

A NEW chapter of the A. Z. A. was instituted some few weeks ago out in San Francisco. The ceremonies took place in the B'nai B'rith Building Club Rooms. The newcomers into our midst have taken for themselves the name, "Yerba Buena Chapter." The San Francisco Lodge Bulletin suggests that lawyers seeking knowledge of parliamentary procedure should attend A. Z. A. meetings.

An Innocent Murderess

A YOUNG American-born, Jewish girl, who is a practicing attorney in New York, recently delivered a lecture on the need for abolishing capital punishment. The group before whom this talk was given is composed of Jewish women, most of whom were born in Eastern Europe. Realizing this the speaker, when she had completed her dissertation, said in Yiddish, "If there are any questions, I shall be glad to answer them in Yiddish."

Whereupon a woman stood up and asked, "Miss, since you are opposed to killing why do you murder the Yiddish language?"

* * *

He Should Have Known by That Time

NATHAN and his sweetheart, Rosie, were going to the theater that night. He sat in the parlor of her home waiting while she was upstairs dressing. It seemed to be taking her an unusually long time to get ready, and so he called out several times, "Please hurry, Rosie, or we will be late for the show."

This irritated her, and she exclaimed, "You certainly are annoying. Haven't I been telling you for more than an hour that I'll be ready in five minutes."

* * *

A Reason and then Some

MR. ABRAMS, the clothing manufacturer from New York, was in Chicago and he took occasion to call upon his local customer, Mr. Joseph, with whom he had had some misunderstanding. The following conversation took place:

Mr. Abrams — "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

Mr. Josephs—"I didn't get it."

Mr. Abrams—"You didn't get it?"

Mr. Josephs—"No, I didn't get it; and, besides, I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

* * *

She Wasn't Prepared for Such a Long Stay

MRS. LEVINSKI who lives on a farm came to visit her brother in the big city. Wishing to show her city life, he took her to a theater. As they sat in their seats waiting for the show to start, Mrs. Levinski with rapt attention read the program. Pretty soon she put her hand to her forehead and exclaimed:

"Hey, look David, it says here that the second act is a year later! Have we got time to wait that long?"

* * *

The Dentists Have Been Asleep on the Job

A PATIENT in the London Jewish Hospital when told, recently, that he would have to have his teeth extracted and replaced with artificial ones asked for three sets—one for meaty dishes, one for milky dishes and a third for Passover.

A GREAT man once said, in effect, that he didn't care who ruled his people, providing he were allowed to write its ballads. Another great man will, no doubt, sometimes say that he would rather be the author of a nation's anecdotes than its president. And that, indeed, would be a singular distinction. For, as things now stand, we don't know who is the author of our favorite jokes. They just are—like the stars in the sky and the sands of the seashore. How they came into being, and whence, is a mystery. And because of this it is too often taken for granted that everyone knows all the jokes that are worth knowing—which is far from being true. We believe that fun should be shared with others. Hence we are offering a book for each anecdote which we find suitable for publication on this page.

The lucky ones this month are: Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Richardstr 19, *Berlin, Germany; Pearl T. Brovitz,* 483 *Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y.; and Dr. M. J. Fenton,* 24 *Stockwell, London, S. W.* 9, *England.*

An Exception to a Rule of Etiquette

MR. AND MRS. ZELITSCH and their daughter, Dorothy, were having lunch together in the dining room of their beautiful new mansion.

Casually the daughter remarked, "By the way, mother, I was married this morning."

In the same manner, but in a slightly sterner tone of voice, the mother replied, "Very well, but you could have waited to tell me until after the butler had gone out."

"But, mother, you don't understand. I married the butler."

* * *

He Didn't Know What He Was Boasting Over

MR. DAVIDOFF had now lived in Paris for fifteen years and he felt very proud of the city. One day he was showing Mr. Samuelson, a visitor from London, around the place. As they stopped in front of a large brick building, Davidoff remarked:

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"That, humpf," replied Mr. Samuelson, "why I could show you hundreds like that in England."

"Really?" retorted Davidoff. "That's an insane asylum."

A New and Finer Food

. . . . for young and old
to serve as you formerly served cheese

RICH in *calcium*, vitamins, milk minerals, milk sugar, milk proteins — the valuable elements lost in cheese making—Pabst-ett is a finer dairy product that young and old may enjoy.

It is as digestible as milk, and more nourishing. It makes more delicious macaroni, rarebit, potatoes — does not become lumpy or stringy with cooking. It blends perfectly in salads and spreads as easily as butter for sandwiches.

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Six foil-wrapped, individual portions.

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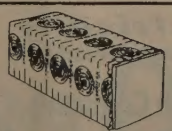


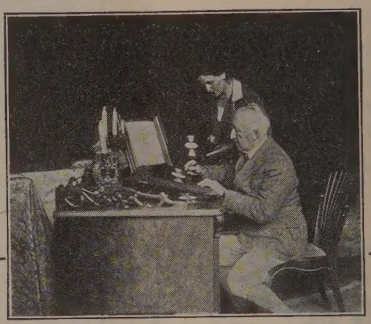
5 lb. loaf—American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

½ lb. airtight package, American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

Six foil-wrapped portions —American, Swiss.

BETTER BECAUSE IT'S AGED

—direct from the
Bayreuth Wagner Festival



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By Dr. Karl Muck *and* Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, *with* Flower Maidens *and* Chorus *(In German)*
Columbia Record No. 67368D

PARSIFAL: Prelude, Act 3. In 2 Parts
By Siegfried Wagner *and* Bayreuth Festival Orchestra
Columbia Record No. 67369D

PARSIFAL: Good Friday Music, Act. 3. Parts 1 and 2
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By Alexander Kipnis; Siegfried Wagner, *conducting the* Bayreuth Festival Orchestra *(In German)*

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SIEGFRIED: Prelude, Act 3

SIEGFRIED: Fire Music
By Franz von Hoesslin and Bayreuth Festival Orchestra
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By Franz von Hoesslin and Bayreuth Festival Orchestra

DAS RHEINGOLD: Entry of the Gods into Valhalla, PART 2
By Franz von Hoesslin *and* Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, *with* Rhinedaughters *(In German)*
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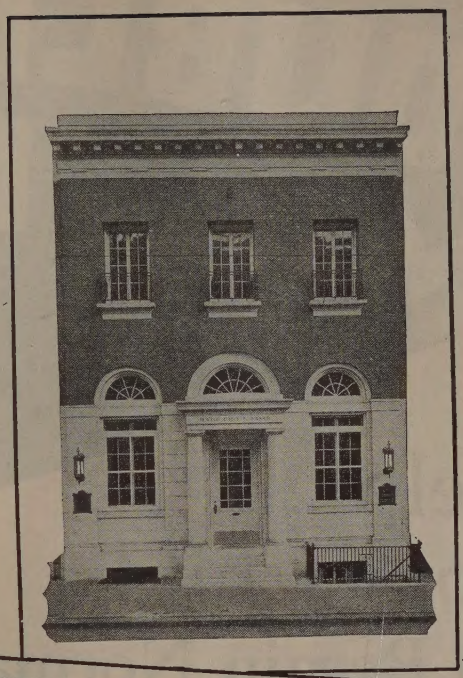

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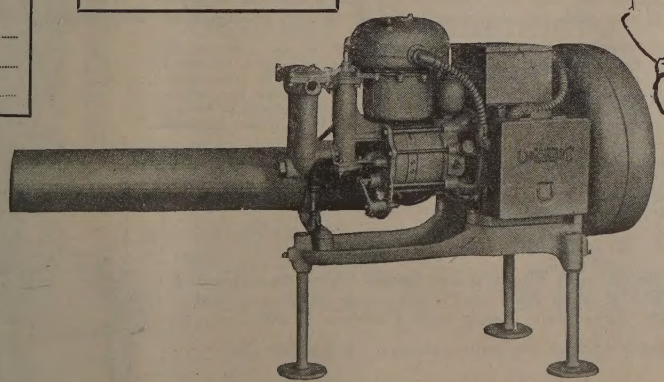

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Thompson's Makes Milk Drinking a Game

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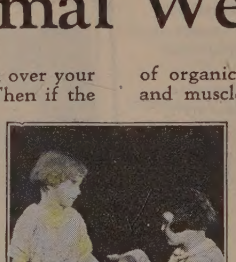

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